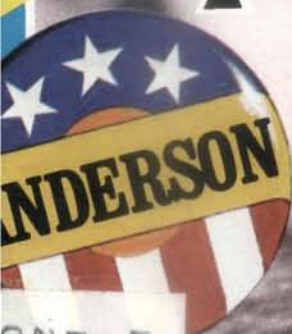


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**John Coyne on
Mayor DALEY'S REVENGE**
—SEE PAGE 472

NATIONAL REVIEW



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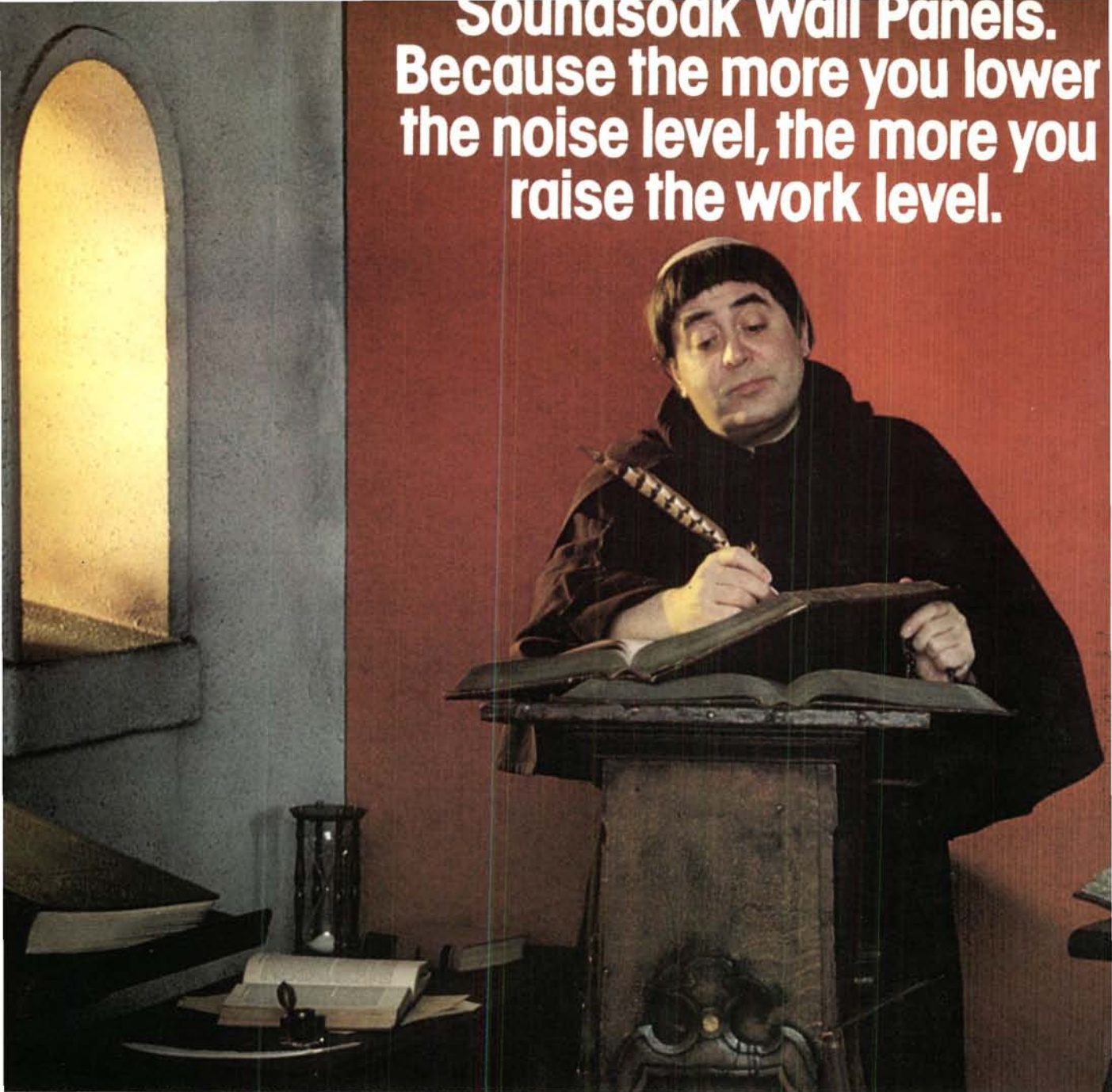
Doonesbury's Candidate

RICHARD BROOKHISER



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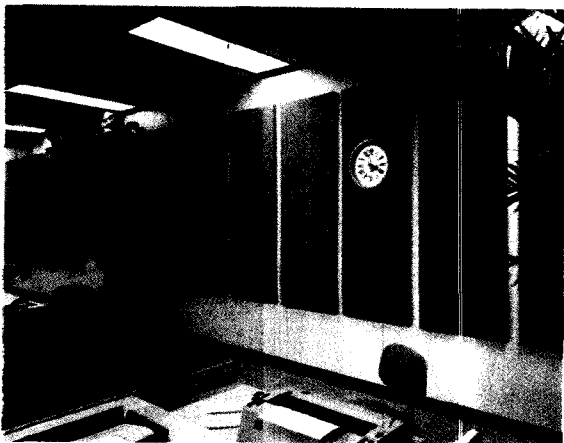
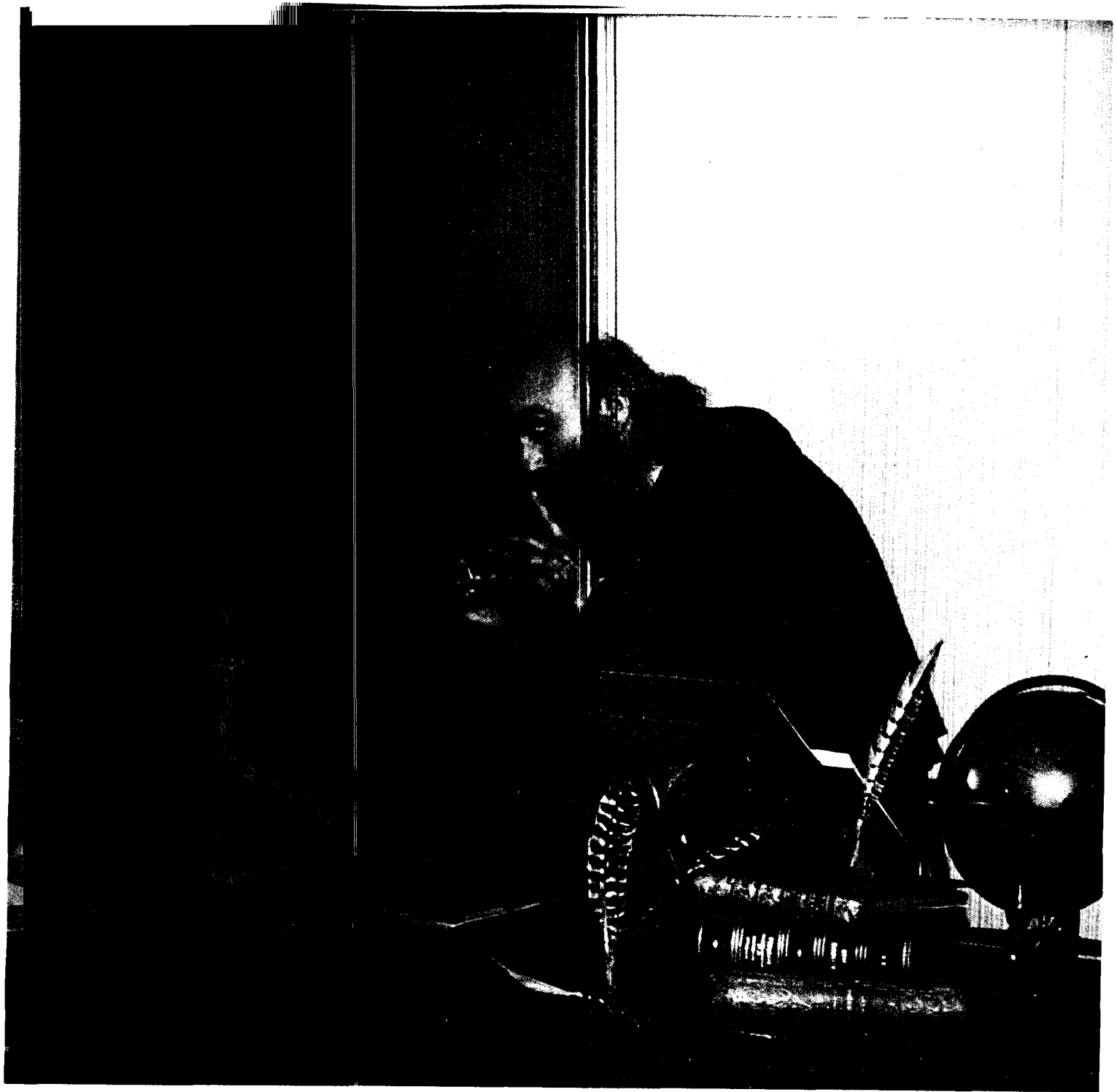
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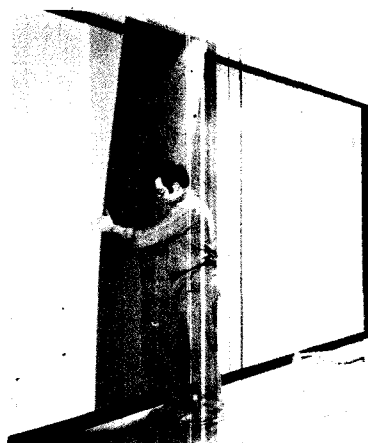
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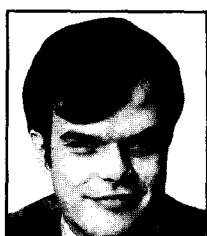


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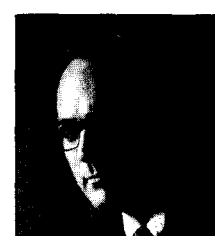
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Letters

Unity

I was gratified to note in Richard Brookhiser's profile of George Bush ["Stover after Yale," April 4] that the candidate himself affirms his intention to back the nominee ("I'll back the nominee, and the nominee'll win, 'cause he'll be better than Jimmy Carter"). Far too many of the Bush partisans I've come across evince an appalling hostility to the man who will be the next Republican nominee and the next President.

Adam Josephs
Hartford, Conn.

Nostalgia

Re Professor Hart's marvelous evocation of the Fifties ["The 1950s," March 7], does anyone recall the *New York Daily News* headline when Frank Sinatra was married? "SAD SOX AT HALF CALE."

F. R. Buckley
Camden, S.C.

Worthy Effort

In regard to the bit of verse by Johannes Eff appearing in your March 7 issue ["Funversation"] never would I have believed—not in the wildest of poetic fantasies—that I would find myself glowing over the rhymed ideas about a very fictional encounter between the Ayatollah Khomeini and George Bernard "Shah." Never before had the Iranian crisis, or any attempt to satirize it, even provoked a chuckle from me. Searching for a sense of humor in an ever-tender crisis, Johannes Eff struck a nerve. Aside from its out-of-the-blue humor, it is the most newsworthy verse I've come across in a long time.

Maria Jacketti
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Johannes Eff, in his latest "Funversation," commits the common error of referring to *The Book of Revelations*, plural. It's *Revelation*, singular (for Catholics, of course, it's neither: it's *Apocalypse*, without benefit of *Now*). This incorrect plural is almost as entrenched as "gild the lily" (for "paint the lily," Shakespeare, *King John*, IV, 2) or "Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery" (there's no "form" in Charles Caleb Colton's original remark).

Ray Russell
Beverly Hills, Calif.

On Clarinets and Concertos

Re Rick Wagner's letter [March 21] about Benny Goodman, the piece he refers to is not the Bartok Concerto, but rather the *Contrasts for Violin, Piano, and Clar-*

inet, written specifically for Goodman, and played, on its initial recording, by Benny Goodman on clarinet, Joseph Szigeti on violin, and Bela Bartok himself on piano.

Benny Goodman has, indeed, played and recorded several of the classics for his instrument, notably the Mozart Clarinet Quintet in A major and Clarinet Concerto in A major. There is a story, probably apocryphal, to the effect that when Goodman played with the Budapest Quartet, after the first rehearsal one member of the group came to him and said, "Mr. Goodman, you are indeed a remarkably fine clarinetist. How is it you are not better known?"

John S. Carroll
Emlenton, Pa.

Sorry Oratory

Even cartoonist Garry Trudeau has been moved to wonder where Edward Kennedy learned the verbless jargon that he uses on the stump, documented by Mr. Brookhiser ["The Last Kennedy," March 21]. Now it can be told.

The style is unmistakably that of Warren Gamaliel Harding, who spake thus in a speech that he himself had written: "I would like the government to do all it can to mitigate, then in understanding, in mutuality of interest, in concern for the common good, our tasks will be solved." Mencken said of Harding: "He writes the worst English I have ever encountered. It is so bad that a sort of grandeur creeps into it." In a Harding obituary the poet E. E. Cummings wrote: "The only man, woman, or child who wrote a simple declarative sentence with seven grammatical errors is dead."

Donald L. Stetson
Sequim, Wash.

Slippery Sleuth

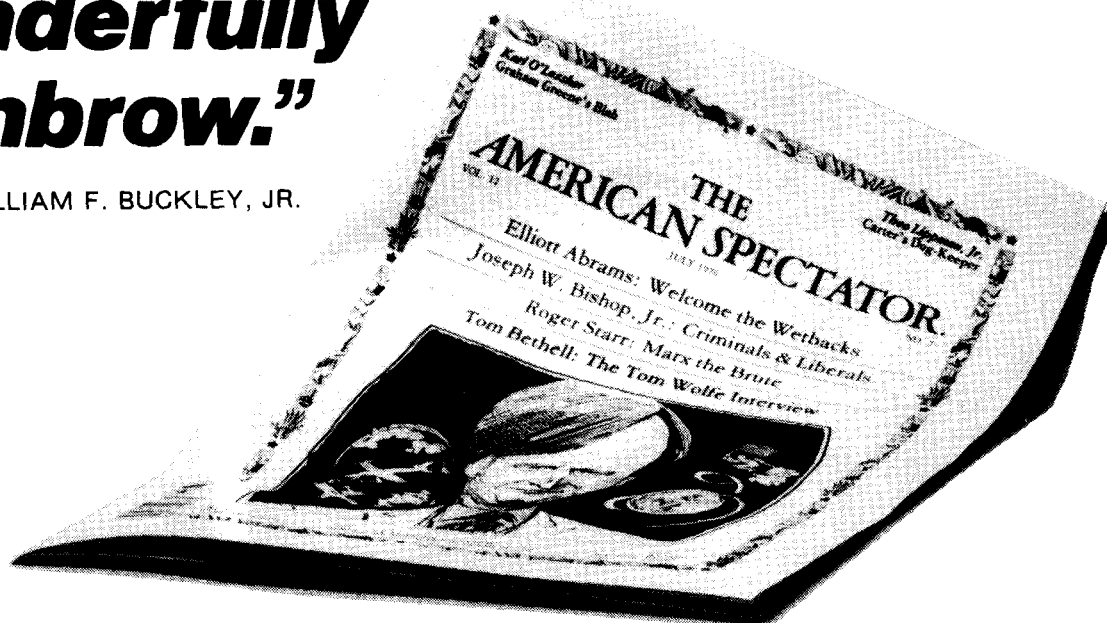
I had not read John Greenway's piece ["The Honest Man's Guide to Plagiarism," Dec. 21] until it was called to my attention. Now that I have, I think it a farrago of damaging and dangerous nonsense. When not only I am maligned but distinguished literati of the ages also!

Conceive of calling America's most renowned philosopher, Ralph Waldo Emerson, a "Boston Booby"! When he pillories me as a "crank" for having "actually dug up the remains of Sir Thomas Walsingham, Queen Elizabeth's spymaster, in whose employ Marlowe worked and was murdered," it is not only a libel on me but an appalling misrepresentation of fact.

I. I never "dug up," nor intended to

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WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.



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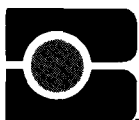
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"dig up," Walsingham's remains. I am not a ghoul. I was searching for a certain *chest* which Marlowe's patron mentioned in his will. The operation in Chislehurst, England was left unfinished because I was refused permission to enter the vault below where Walsingham actually lay buried. Only sand was found in the altar tomb.

2. As for Marlowe being in Walsingham's "employ," etc., this is another rape of truth. He was *never* in Sir Thomas's "employ." Similarly, he was *not* "murdered" while in his patron's "employ."

I could go on with at least a dozen other unconfirmable assertions by Greenway relating to dead targets of his intemperate tirade.

His (for the most part) undocumented article persuades me that he has revealed himself to be either a cultivated colic or a learned lout.

Calvin Hoffman
Sarasota, Fla.

Old Boundaries

The *New Oxford Review* is grateful for your approving comment on our stand in favor of the Pope in the Küng case ["The Week," March 21]. Yes, this stand is "unusual" and may signify a "fascinating new alignment" cutting across old boundaries—but not because we are a "conservative" magazine, as you identify us. Yes, we are theologically conservative, but what makes our stand noteworthy and "fruitfully ecumenical" (as you put it) is that we are *Anglo-Catholic-oriented* and ecumenically orthodox.

Dale Vree
Editor, *New Oxford Review*
Oakland, Calif.

Federal Bounty

Contrary to the polemics of Cato's public stoning of a federal employee for taking full advantage of his legally earned retirement ["Letter from Washington," Dec. 7], it most certainly will come as a "surprise to students of bureaucratic practice that the civil service [retirement] system . . . [has] lower pay-ins" than does Social Security—since it isn't true.

Perhaps the general public could be forgiven for its contempt for the employees of its government, who, for the most part, are merely the ministerial agents for those inept political programs and policies that plague us all. But it is most disturbing to see such a citadel of reason as *NR* get its facts wrong.

The federal pay-in systems are admittedly complicated (all federal systems are complicated) but they do not operate in the way Cato suggests.

Is Cato really unable to distinguish between: 1) the Social Security system, a social (read "political") so-called insurance arrangement between a government and its citizens, and 2) an employee retirement

program which is a part of the employees' earned compensation, deriving from an employment agreement between the Federal Government as an employer and the individual citizens who happen also to be its employees?

Is Cato unaware that almost all large, and a great many small, employers have retirement programs for their employees which are partially or completely "employer-paid" and which, like the government program, "allow [them] to keep on working [i.e., in other jobs] without penalty to [their] monthly check"? Does that also outrage Cato?

Donald A. Frolich
Cupertino, Calif.

The reader is free to make all the distinctions he likes. Be it the insurance program, the retirement program, the lunch program, or the parking-space program—the federal employee gets a better deal than the taxpaying citizen. Is that outrageous? You bet your fanny it is. And it's getting worse. The federal retiree now receives a cost-of-living hike every six months, while the Social Security recipient receives an adjustment only once a year. The difference between the two deals? About \$800 million a year, according to the Washington Post. Since September 1979, the federal retiree has received a 12.9 per cent hike (which compares with the Carter wage guideline of 7.5 to 9.5 per cent for real live working folks).

We have never criticized individual bureaucrats for taking advantage of this scam. We find the whole system rotten and, in its practical effect on the "war against inflation," corrupt. —CATO

A Divine Glimmer

Father Raymond de Jaegher. Aye, there was a man ["The Week," March 7]. When you know someone like him you get a glimmer of why God created the human race.

Whenever Father de Jaegher told me he was coming to Milwaukee, I would scurry to line up radio, TV, and speaking spots, and then chauffeur him about until he flew off to his next stop.

Father de Jaegher used every ounce of his boundless energy to spread the faith and to preserve and enlarge the compass of man's freedom on this earth. He faced each day with a robust zest, in good spirits and eager confidence. This despite the fact that he saw two civilizations crumble about him, in China and Vietnam, with a foreboding that this would recur until the Free World girds itself with courage.

Yet the mark of Christ shows not primarily in his enormous accomplishments in a single lifetime, nor as a giant in the macroworld of geopolitics, but in the microworld of daily living. On the podium he responded to all questions, dumb or cunning, with grace and enlightenment.

After a visit here he sent a personal note of thanks to each of the students at Holy Angels Academy who served him tea and cookies after his talk, and to my daughters, Joey and Amy, who took him to the airport.

Every now and then my son Patrick, the stamp collector, received a note and packet of stamps from Father de Jaegher. The stamps alone bespoke the worldwide esteem in which this twentieth century St. Paul was held. Next time I see him I will ask how he got the one from Corinth. How he will laugh!

David Keyser
Milwaukee, Wisc.

Supersisters Strike Back

Neal Freeman wrote a column on "Potomac All-Stars" [March 7] and actually managed to leave Meg Greenfield out of it!

In the favorite liberal phrase, "This is an outrage!"

Do I need to tell you that the Chicago chapter of the Meg Greenfield Adoration Society is debating whether or not to "get you" for that? (It depends, of course, on what She thinks.)

Richard Musgrave
Chicago, Ill.

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That dialogue produced results you should appreciate.¹ Just as other consumer contacts have encouraged changes like our Privacy Protection hotline. And the new, lower-cost Æconomaster life insurance.²

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A lot of you aren't happy about who pays what for auto insurance. So we're taking another look at how rates are figured by age, sex, and marital status.³

And absolutely *none* of you out there is happy about steadily-rising health care costs. Which is why we're taking a hard look at the entire health care system, including health policies themselves.⁴

The point is simple: *If we're going to offer the kind of insurance you need and want today, we have to listen—and not just to what we like to hear.*⁵

Ætna may not agree with your every gripe. If not, we'll tell you so. But we promise you'll get action, not words, when we do.

Ætna wants insurance to be affordable.

¹ Talks with the NPA—a consumer coalition of over 100 inner-city neighborhood groups—led to a three-fold test program now underway in sections of Chicago, Cleveland, New York, and Philadelphia. We're encouraging agents there to help us write more homeowner's insurance. In two of these cities, we're offering a new "Home Value Policy" that makes inner-city insurance affordable. And we've put up a \$225,000 grant to help reclaim rundown areas, backed by a commitment of up to \$15 million in higher-risk urban development loans.

² The hotline is just the most recent expression of our longstanding concern. If you want to know what information we have about you on file, just ask. If you tell us something's wrong, we'll reinvestigate and respond. As to Æconomaster, it not only offers lower premiums to start with, it can lower them even further when interest rates go up—a hedge against inflation.

³ Our studies so far show that about half of you think the traditional rating criteria are unfair. When told that new criteria could mean more money out of your

pocket, however, only about a third still thought change was a good idea. In the real world, decisions often involve some tradeoff between costs and benefits. What we have here are two problems to solve at once.

⁴ Ætna recognizes we've helped fuel rising costs by selling health insurance that doesn't always give the consumer a reason to be concerned about them. Deductibles and co-insurance while effective aren't always popular. Unfortunately we too often give the customer what he wants without looking at the tradeoffs. We

also haven't done enough to educate people to take better care of themselves or know when they're sick. Prevention is still cheaper than treatment.

⁵ It's now company policy to invite representatives from groups like the National Consumers' League up to Hartford. And Ætna now has 21 of its own consumer representatives who respond to your questions, suggestions, and complaints—somewhat unusual for an industry that's spent the last hundred years mostly listening to itself.

FOR THE RECORD

■ **John Anderson** proved again in Wisconsin that he's the Republican candidate most beloved of liberal Democrats. But even their heavy crossover vote (56 per cent of the votes in the Republican primary were cast by Democrats and independents) left him third—12 points behind **Reagan**, three behind **Bush**. . . . Wisconsin was one of four states Anderson and his handlers had pinpointed as states where he must come in first, or a very close second, to keep his candidacy credible. He spent the most money there (\$456,000) of any Republican, and the most time. . . . Again in Wisconsin, as he had in Illinois, Reagan got a substantial portion of the crossover vote (33 per cent to Anderson's 37 per cent), confirming the judgment of *Washington Post* political reporter **Bill Peterson** two days earlier that "Reagan's support among conservative blue-collar Democrats has been one of the most under-reported phenomena of the 1980 presidential race." . . . Reagan's also getting support of party heavyweights—the kind of support **Barry Goldwater** never got. **Strom Thurmond**, who had pinned his hopes on Connally, has vigorously endorsed Reagan, as have fellow candidates **John Connally**, in Texas, and **Bob Dole**, in Kansas, on the eve of the primary. . . . More surprising was the endorsement of liberal maverick Sen. **Lowell Weicker** of Connecticut, after the Bush win there. Weicker says 1980 is not 1964; predicts that Reagan will take President **Carter** in November.

■ The latest **Gallup**, taken the weekend of March 28, still shows Carter beating Reagan in November, but the gap is narrowing: as of now it's Carter 48, Reagan 43. . . . But all other indications are bad for Carter. He dropped 17 points in the Gallup and NBC/AP polls between January and mid-March,



Hollad, *Punch*

and 12 points in the CBS/*New York Times* poll. . . . **Jerry Brown**, who packed his bags and went home after Wisconsin/Kansas, despite the vigorous campaigning on his behalf by **Tom Hayden**, **César Chavez**, **Francis Ford Coppola**, and **Eugene McCarthy**, says he might not support Carter in November, unless "Carter shapes up" to Brown's satisfaction.

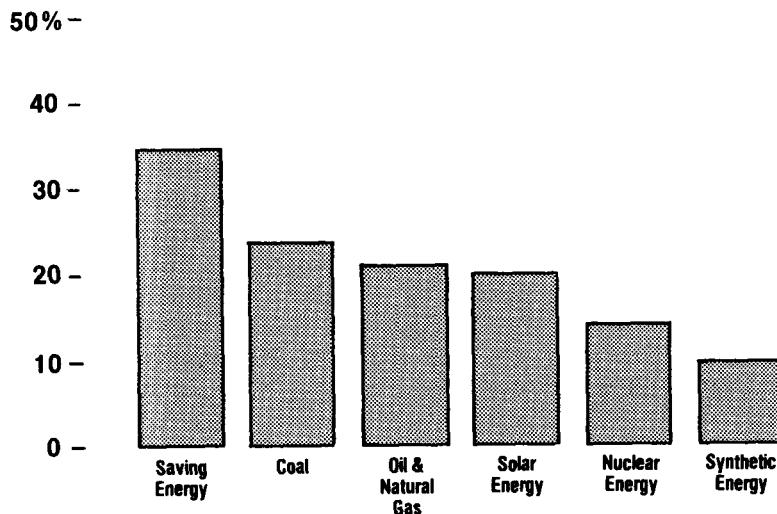
■ Other political developments: In California, former Los Angeles Mayor **Sam Yorty** is back in politics, this time as a Republican, hoping to run against Sen. **Alan Cranston**. Also in that race on the Republican side: tax-cut reformer **Paul Gann**, co-author with **Howard Jarvis** of Proposition 13. . . . Rep. **James Abdnor** has announced against Sen. **George McGovern** in South Dakota; polls show him leading McGovern, narrowly, at the moment. . . . The early book shows Rep. **Elizabeth Holtzman** running ahead in the three-way Democratic primary race against Sen. **Jacob Javits**. . . . But **Bess Myerson**, the consumer advocate, has secured the services of **David Garth**, a great plus in New York politics, as **Hugh Carey**

is in Albany to tell you. Miss Myerson is running slightly behind **John Lindsay** in the polls, but she has a valuable friend in city hall, Mayor **Ed Koch**, in whose campaign she played a major part. . . . New York's Conservative Party has endorsed Hempstead Township Supervisor **Alfonso D'Amato**, who will run in the Republican primary against Javits. . . . In Colorado, **Jerry Ford's** former campaign manager, **Howard "Bo" Callaway**, is reported making good headway in his attempt to win the Republican nomination to oppose Sen. **Gary Hart** in November.

■ Conservatives on the offensive: **Ralph Nader**, **Douglas Fraser**, **John Kenneth Galbraith** have organized Big Business Day on April 17 (a shindig more accurately referred to as Do In Big Business Day); the **Heritage Foundation**, the **American Legislative Exchange Council**, **Consumer Alert** are mobilizing a counter-offensive: Growth Day, also scheduled for April 17. . . . At another level, the **National Journalism Center** (dedicated to training young conservative journalists) will hold its summer session in Washington, June 2 to August 29. Applications due by April 30: write **Fred Mann**, National Journalism Center, 600 Pennsylvania Ave. S.E., Suite 207, Washington, D.C. 20003. The journalist-interns will be paid \$100 a week.

■ And some election tidbits: In Florida **Harold Stassen** ran ahead of **Phil Crane**; in New York, **Lyndon LaRouche** ran ahead of Jerry Brown. **Kermit the Frog** got several hundred votes in New Hampshire, and, in Canada, the **Rhinoceros Party** made a substantial showing after coming out with the most ingenious energy program of them all: dig a deep, deep well, all the way to Saudi Arabia—and go S L U R P !

Q: What one or two things would help improve this country's energy situation fastest?



Source: November, 1979 national probability, by telephone, of 1,000 adults.
Survey conducted for Union Carbide by Roger Seasonwein Associates.

New survey ranks conservation as America's fastest energy option.

In a new public attitude study conducted for Union Carbide by Roger Seasonwein Associates, Americans ranked conservation as the fastest (chart above) and one of the most economical ways to improve the nation's energy situation. This finding takes on particular significance as the Congress shapes an energy program which relies heavily on developing new technologies to deliver substantial amounts of synthetic fuels in the 1990's.

Appropriate as this is in the long-term, many energy analysts are convinced — and the public now agrees — that a commitment to conservation would produce faster results. In addition to speed and economy, Americans rate conservation highly on its environmental advantage — second only to solar.

The survey also shows that 56 percent of American homeowners believe their homes are not as energy efficient as they could be, and a

majority of these homeowners feel that they can't afford to make them more efficient. The public expresses strong support for government programs to help homeowners improve this situation, and also favors programs to help industry become more energy efficient.

In short, our survey reveals a large constituency for energy policies which exploit conservation's potential for fast results. The survey is available on request.

How to get a copy:

**For a copy of this study, write
"Conservation Study"**

**Union Carbide Corporation
Box NR39, 270 Park Avenue
New York, New York 10017.**



THE WEEK

■ Gold Medalist, Bumper Sticker Event: VOTE LIBERAL: GET RID OF TAKE-HOME PAY!

■ Inflation is raging near 20 per cent, a rate four times as great as under President Ford. The prime rate is approaching the records set in 1929. The stock market, corrected for inflation, is limping along at mid-Depression levels. The bond market is a shambles. The housing market is in ruins. The auto industry is sagging. Steel is begging for protection. Commodities are in a tailspin. The U.S. trade deficit last month, over \$5 billion, was an all-time record. With all this hideous economic news, you'll no doubt be cheered to hear that at least one major U.S. concern reported a fat 15.2 per cent increase in retained earnings last year—the IRS.

■ Meanwhile, the Senate Budget Committee is working feverishly to shave 0.0025 per cent off the federal budget, which is less money than the government spends in the time it takes the government to think about it.

■ In the Cuban missile crisis of 1962, the first tip regarding the emplacements and where to look for them came from secret intelligence picked up and imparted by an allied government. Thanks to projects conceived and already effected in secrecy, the U.S. had at hand instrumentalities for verifying—unbe-

knownst—what the Russians were up to. For 13 days a small group in high authority kept the fateful secret while surreptitiously taking measures to put the U.S. in position to confront the Soviet Union, and to confound the latter's design of confronting the U.S. with a *fait accompli*. Such a sequence could not occur now. It could not have occurred in 1962 if, for the five years preceding, the U.S. had followed the practices that have prevailed since 1975 in relation to secret intelligence. In that hypothetical situation, the allied government would have been loath to share its findings, the U.S. would have been foreclosed from the covert development of verifying instrumentalities, someone in a high place would probably have felt impelled to blab, and quiet in the preparatory deployment of forces would have been unattainable. The Soviet Union would have ended up as the surpriser rather than the surprised. Such was the gist of testimony to the Senate Committee on Intelligence by Harvard's Professor Graham Allison, appearing as a witness critical of the Committee's project—in the guise of a charter for the CIA—to legislate a complete catalogue of proscriptions on intelligence functions.

■ Mr. Carter and his congressional allies have now presided over the two largest tax increases in history, Social Security and oil, totaling about half a *trillion* dollars. This from a man who promised not to increase the scope of government, told people not to vote for him if he didn't keep his promises, and is running for re-election.

■ The translator who told an audience of Poles that President Carter viewed them with lust has apparently resurfaced, filing stories from Taipei for Associated Press. In one account of a Taiwanese sedition trial, AP rendered a defendant's charge that she was



LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Remember that U-turn by the Carter Administration on Israeli settlements? Well, a lobbyist for a Jewish PAC has been roaming the Hill taking credit. His story goes like this. When the vote came in on March 1, with UN Ambassador Donald McHenry voting to condemn Israel's policy, Jewish activists swung into motion. First Ted Kennedy and then George Bush responded with sharply worded critiques of the Carter position. On the following Monday March 3—Kennedy enjoyed the most successful fundraising day of his campaign. According to the lobbyist, Jewish money “poured in” to the Bush campaign as well. These contributions were made known to the White House, through Bob Strauss. By Monday night, the White House had received the message and had begun the search for the designated hittee. The immediate prospect, McHenry, refused to take the rap: he reminded the White House that firing two UN ambassadors might strike the black electorate as excessive. The fickle finger of fate then pointed to Cyrus Vance, a man without a constituency, who had planned to leave by year-end in any event.

We are not in a position to vouch for the accuracy of the lobbyist's account. Nor, as the lobbyist well knows, are we able to disprove it. The significance of the episode is that it reflects the growing anxiety of the Jewish lobby. In the days of quiet power, now passing, friends of Israel felt no need to advertise their political influence. It

was a fact of Washington life. During the Carter years, however, when friendship with America brings with it grave national security risks, even our staunchest allies don't know where they stand.

■ On January 1 of this year the Department of the Interior discontinued its practice of charging tourists ten cents each to ride the elevator to the top of the Washington Monument. An exhaustive government study had revealed that it cost more than ten cents a ride to collect the money.

Why are we wasting precious petroleum-based ink on this item? Because in this season of taxpayer discontent we are cheered by the facts that a) a bureaucrat would actually ask such a question as, “Is it worth the expense?” b) a second bureaucrat would study the question with an open mind, and c) a third bureaucrat, confronted with the evidence, could bring himself to decide in favor of the taxpayer. The odds against such a parlay are astronomical.

■ Republicans are riding high these days. They sense a big win in the fall, from the White House to the statehouses. In the view of some respected GOP strategists, the only thing that can save Carter is the power of incumbency, the power to set the agenda of national concern. In a bittersweet joke heard frequently in recent days, GOP types express concern that along about October Carter will contrive a massive foreign policy setback. More seriously, campaign planners are wrestling with the political paradox of 1980: for Jimmy

Carter at least, nothing succeeds like failure.

■ Yoo-hoo, Karen DeYoung, you're wanted back in Nicaragua. While you and your *Washington Post* and *New York Times* colleagues have dashed off to the next fire, the Revolution of Sweetness and Light has turned that Central American nation into a strangely familiar scene. According to veteran *Forbes* reporter Jerry Flint, filing from Managua, “Independent unions are being squeezed into a single labor confederation. Businessmen are called exploiters of the people. Cubans are training the teachers, police, and army. The People's Literacy Brigade, 140,000 strong, is about to march into the countryside. Those East Germans, so noticeable in Managua, aren't tourists.” So what's the real story, Miss DeYoung?

■ As a magazine of record, we feel obliged to bring you all the news, including quotes that don't make the national wires. This from Redskin Quarterback Joe Theisman addressing his fellow townspersons in Vienna, Virginia: “Very few places in the world have the zip code that we do and we should be honored by it.” In the hustle and bustle of modern life, so many of us overlook the simple pleasures. And from Edward Kennedy on the campaign trail in Gorham, N.H.: “[I am] looking forward to the day when the members of the hostages will be returned to their families.” Whatever makes you happy, Ted.

—CATO

“forced to stand on several occasions” as “forced to stand for two days”; translated “One day after taking breakfast I did not eat until nine o'clock in the evening” as “[I was] not given any food on another day”; and metamorphosed the “scorching satire and freezing irony” of interrogators into “obscene words.” AP also neglected to mention that the court promised to look into all the defendant's complaints, and forgot to report anything said by the prosecution. Translator's next project: *Verlaine for Basques*.

■ Was it anthrax of the pulmonary or the gastric variety? The question pertains to a malady which, a year or so ago, felled a considerable number of people at Sverdlovsk, a closed city in the Ural Mountains. The question is of the either/or sort, because the re-

spective manifestations are quite different. Details in accounts brought out by various émigrés from the Soviet Union point to pulmonary anthrax. The Soviet Union's tardy acknowledgment of the outbreak vehemently asserts it to have been of the gastric variety. An issue of strategic import hangs on the difference. Pulmonary anthrax, caused by inhalation of spores, is of special concern in the field of biological warfare for its distinctively high and quick lethality under a wide range of weather conditions, and for its amenability, at least in theory, to relatively precise targeting. A couple of decades ago—when the U-2 plane was active—there were whispers about aerial photographic evidence allegedly indicative of Soviet experimentation with anthrax as a biological warfare agent. That sort of experimentation is now outlawed by a convention—

the Soviet Union is a party to it—signed in 1972 and binding since 1975. The version of the outbreak given by émigrés indicates an accident in the course of a deliberate enterprise, and imputes a violation of the 1972 agreement. The Soviet Union's version explains the incident away as a phenomenon of nature.

■ Leonid Brezhnev has been awarded the Lenin Prize for Literature. Thus ends a long period of official neglect during which the now 73-year-old author was recognized merely in his workaday roles as president of the Soviet Union and head of the Soviet Communist Party. The decision of the Lenin Literature and World Peace through Socialism Committee was unanimous. "V.A.," a patrolman in the Moscow subway, writing in *Literaturnaya Gazeta*, hailed the award as a victory for progressive forces throughout the world. The *Gosudarstvennoye Izdatelstvo* is reported to be swamped with orders for Mr. Brezhnev's award-winning autobiography. The runners-up have not been heard from.

■ Shroud Watch: American researchers have discovered what appears to be an ancient Roman coin on the right eye of the figure on the famous Shroud of Turin. The coin appears to have markings similar to those on coins minted in Judea by Pontius Pilate between A.D. 29 and A.D. 36. The markings include an astrologer's staff and the letters U, C, A, and I, which researchers identify as part of the inscription TIBERIOU KAICAROC, or Tiberius Caesar. Happy Easter.

■ *Sports Illustrated* reminds us, in the face of Soviet bluster against politicizing the Olympics, that the Soviet regime a) boycotted the Olympics until 1952, b) boycotted dual track meets with the U.S. from 1966 through 1968 to protest our part in the Vietnam War, and c) threatened to boycott the 1968 Olympics unless South Africa was excluded. (P.S.: South Africa was excluded.)

■ The April issue of the mag has a woman on the cover. The contents page has a photo of another one, frontal aspect, nude, shapely. Eleven more gals on page 5, including one with a tight T-shirt with "Playtops" written right where it shows up best. Eight cutie-pies in minidresses, on roller skates yet, page 6. Page 10: an ad for a book that is "devastatingly honest, sexually explicit," and a letter from a reader who resents an Army order requiring women to wear bras. On page 67 a photo shows us a lady examining herself before a mirror, with all sorts of accompanying descriptions. Not to miss a trick, sex machines are offered for sale on page 80 and page 118. "Sexual Aids," for \$3, are offered on page 110, otherwise undescribed, but guaranteed to arrive "plainly pack-

aged." Lesbians find each other in the classifieds, pages 118-119. The mag has recently won non-profit status from the IRS and the Post Office and can now get foundation grants and tax-deductible gifts from individuals for its "investigative reporting." Only a sex-crazed pig would think the mag was *Playboy*. It's *Ms*.

■ Researchers have found a way to make lobsters grow two and a half times faster than in their natural habitat. And with lobster selling for somewhere between the price of Iranian caviar and platinum, welcome news it is. How is it done? By raising the lobsters in warmer water, such as the (nonradioactive) effluent from the Seabrook nuclear power facility.

■ In a time when so few doctors will even make a house call, it is reassuring that Dr. DeBakey is willing to go to Panama and Egypt to treat the Shah.

■ Happy birthday to Secretariat, who was ten on March 30 and has 166 children.

Reagan's Amazing Statements

Now that Reagan has swamped all opposition in Wisconsin and Kansas, and might as well begin planning for November, the media attack on him is being stepped up. Predictably, it will take two forms: 1) that he is "dangerous" and 2) that he is "simplistic."

As examples of his simplicities, for instance, *Newsweek* cites his view that Communism will not last in China. And that the minimum wage ought to be repealed. On the minimum wage proposal, *Newsweek* quotes a Reagan aide as "groaning" that "I hope I didn't hear what I just heard." Hmmm. Are those simplicities? The current Peking leadership has been disentangling itself from Maoism, destination unknown; and most economists view the minimum wage as a guarantor of unemployment and a spur to welfareism. Reagan should repeal his groaning aide too.

Political columnist Richard Reeves regards as especially primitive Reagan's references to "Godless Communism." But why is that a gaffe? It sounds perfectly accurate. Neither Marx nor *Pravda* would deny it. For Richard Reeves, apparently, using the adjective "Godless" as a pejorative is un-chic. Few Americans would agree.

Reeves also doesn't like it when Reagan calls the Soviets "those monsters." Well, if the Gulag, nerve gas in Laos and Afghanistan, probable plans for germ warfare, and universal suppression does not qualify the regime as "monstrous," it escapes us just what would do so.

The End of the Liberal Affair

I have a theory about the remarkable strength that Ronald Reagan has shown in the primaries and will show in the election itself.

We have, I think, come to the end of the affair that has been going on between the American people and the liberal dream since Franklin Roosevelt was elected in 1932.

The voters see Reagan as signaling a sharp turn away from the liberalism that ruled the country for most of the last half-century, under both Democrats and Republicans.

Ronald Reagan presents himself as the continuing and final hope for a breakthrough that will end this liberal affair. The reason that most liberal commentators are today surprised at his showing is that they have been living in an illusory dream.

Mostly, liberal commentators know Washington, New York, and Boston. They don't know the rest of America.

As a media elite they are part of the New Class that is the power elite of today. If a liberal showed a consistent record over a long time they would hail him. When someone like Reagan remains a consistent conservative they attack him as a reactionary and—in their own minds—see him as outside the mainstream of American opinion.

He was outside when he fought the Communist leadership of the Screen Actors Guild under the New Deal. He was still outside, although less so, when he made a bid against Richard Nixon in 1968—a Nixon who shared the liberal adversary with Reagan but who had no basic doctrinal position himself except to be elected.

Reagan was less a conservative outsider when he fought Gerald Ford in 1976 and all but made it.

But by 1980 the current toward conservatism that has been running strongly since 1968, not only within the Republican Party but among Democrats and independents as well, has caught up with Reagan.

He has not been its avant-garde leader: Howard

Jarvis has been that. But Reagan has been its continuing symbol.

The moderate conservatives would have preferred Gerald Ford again in 1980, as they did in 1976. But they will settle for Reagan, because he is now part of the mainstream for them.

It is hard for the doctrinal liberals of both parties to accept this—or even understand it. But Jimmy Carter understands it. He has all along expected Ronald Reagan to be his opponent, not George Bush and certainly not John Anderson.

The fact is that Carter will have to run as more of a conservative than a liberal against Reagan. He was himself elected as an anti-Washington outsider, which for most of his religious fundamentalist constituency meant that he was against the Eastern Liberal Establishment.

Carter will find it hard to win against Reagan. The blow from the Iranian parliamentary elections means that the hostages may still be in Teheran by November. The Carter blunder over Israel won't blow away, and the ambivalent, tortured performance by Cyrus Vance before the Senate Committee underlines Carter's long-range policy of aiming at an accord with the PLO. Nor will the inflation picture be better in November: it is likely to be worse.

Reagan will benefit from all three issues. He will play the national honor theme on Iran and the hostages. He has all along been far more supportive than Carter on Israel as the anti-Communist bulwark of the Middle East, and he will continue to be. On inflation he will stress a tax-cutting program which will have wide popular appeal.

Unthinkable as it may seem, Reagan will carry New York as well as California against Carter.

Along with his massive strength in the Sunbelt, from Florida to Texas to Arizona, Reagan will put together an extraordinary coalition of support. Jimmy Carter may turn out to be a one-term President after all.

—MAX LERNER

Reeves thinks people will regard Reagan as a war-monger because of statements like the following: "I would build up our military might because all our smiles and concessions have not brought genuine peace any closer." Reeves seems to think that's outrageous.

All this represents a peculiar and interesting phe-

nomenon, well worth continuing study. Reagan statements that strike some ears, at least, as outrageous or preposterous repeatedly turn out upon examination to be perfectly accurate and sensible. Riders on the Eastern Shuttle between New York and Washington, passengers on the Metroliner, same termini, prepare for culture shock.

Happy Birthday, TMI

Swedes celebrated the first anniversary of Three Mile Island with a referendum on nuclear power. Two lines on the three-way ballot proposed that Sweden keep its six existing reactors, finish six more under construction, and run them for 25 years. A third line called for no more building, and no nuclear power in ten years. Swedish businessmen spent \$5 million backing lines 1 and 2; anti-nukes spent \$10 million on line 3. Three of Sweden's five parties were pro-nuke; the Prime Minister and the Communists wanted no nukes. When the votes were counted, the pros had won, 58 per cent to 38 per cent.

The Swedish referendum confirms a general world trend toward nuclear power, in spite of the Harrisburg accident. By 1985, Belgium plans to get 38 per cent of its electricity from nuclear power, France is shooting for 55 per cent, and Japan and Taiwan expect to double their nuclear capacity. By 2000, Israel, Portugal, and Canada intend to get 30 per cent of their electricity from nuclear power; Brazil wants 40 per cent, and West Germany, 50 per cent. The trend vaults the Iron Curtain: East Germany, Czechoslovakia, and Hungary plan to be nearly 50 per cent nuclear in twenty years, and the Soviet Union hopes to hit 33 per cent. (Swedish Communists take note.) Only Austria has bucked the pattern, voting by a razor-thin margin against activating its lone nuclear plant.

Only Austria, and the United States, that is, where no new operating licenses have been granted; where the clean-up operation at the Three Mile Island plant is snarled in local lawsuits and regulatory bickering; and where Ralph Nader, reporting from central Pennsylvania, cheerily notes that "the horrors, expenses, and community antagonisms continue to worsen." But then, America can afford to be picky, what with its booming solar power industry, its utter lack of restrictions on coal, and its oceans of cheap oil.

Integrity Hour

Representative John Anderson has been campaigning as the candidate recognizable as being in a kind of seizure of integrity. In search of some morally improving texts, we turned therefore to an interview with the Last Honest Man carried in the April 17 issue of *Rolling Stone*. A few excerpts from this Pisgah vision:

You say you are a fiscal conservative, so that people think of balanced budgets and the like.

"Right, right. I have to hold out some lightning rods to get some Republicans. It is in Republican primaries that I'm running."

You are a member of the First Evangelical Free Church of Rockford, Illinois. What form of faith is that?

"... It is a church that is very fundamental in its interpretation of the scriptures."

... And so you retain a fairly fundamental reading of the Bible?

"You don't want to get me thrown out of the church! I reserve certain things."

Would you say that it is impossible for a presidential candidate to discuss seriously matters relevant to Israel?

"No, I wouldn't make that concession."

... As President, would you have supported the UN vote that condemned Israeli settlements on the West Bank?

"I think that injecting anything as emotional as Jerusalem into that whole discussion at this time was the worst possible tactic. Anybody who's been there and seen the Jews standing at the Wailing Wall realizes that the tradition goes back two thousand years to that symbol of Zion being the very expression of the soul and the psyche of the people who were chosen by God ..."

Until now we had considered as wholly without foundation the report that Anderson was going to name Elmer Gantry his preferred running-mate.

Son of Vance

After three years at the center of indecision, the President's National Security Advisor, Zbigniew Brzezinski, is said to be losing zest for taking over the job of Secretary of State in case Carter wins a second term. Brzezinski has reportedly been heard to say, "Who the hell wants that job?"—a case, perhaps, of sour grapes. The name now most often mentioned is that of Warren Christopher, Deputy Secretary of State.

A Californian who earned a law degree at Stanford after graduating from Redlands University, Christopher first worked in Washington as law clerk to the

Just a Dip in the Road?

Like the cough when a car flirts with *empty*;

Like the gasp when a lawnmower stops;

Like the sickening sound when a ship runs aground;

Like the wobble that overtakes tops;

Like the stitch in the side of a runner;

Like the bounce in a bank draft from Bert,

Jimmy Carter's campaign is exhibiting strain—

Like an udder that's losing its squirt.

W. H. VON DREELE

late Justice William O. Douglas. As Deputy Attorney General in LBJ's last two years, Christopher was in charge of coping with dissidents who in six-digit numbers moved against the Pentagon in 1968. His resourcefulness in that episode earned wide admiration, but success turned his head in an odd way. Pangs of self-reproach assailed him. True to the example set by his superior, Ramsey Clark, Christopher began to wonder contritely whether a government really had a right to defend its property and operations against assault by massed dissenters.

At State, too, Christopher has proved to be a reliable emulator. Old pros of the Department—there are some still left—who have observed his work believe him exceptionally suitable for carrying on the Cyrus Vance tradition. As one of them put it, it would be impossible to find anyone more appropriate for executing a foreign policy designed to keep no friends and lose no enemies.

Mrs. Thatcher Sticks to Her Guns

Campaigning for Prime Minister, a year ago, Mrs. Thatcher promised a return to sound economic policies, and forecast a painful transition lasting a long time. Amazingly, the British voters lofted her into office, perhaps in one of their spasmodic dalliances with the BTTS Syndrome (Mr. Churchill's comfortable program, a generation ago, of "blood, toil, tears, and sweat").

A couple of months after her election, she found herself faced with BTTS and the concomitant howls of the opposition, which she coolly countered by saying she was simply delivering what she had promised.

Unemployment in Britain is now pushing 6 per cent, inflation is loping along at 20 per cent (v. 8 per cent when Mrs. Thatcher took office), and the PM's "standing" in the popularity surveys has dropped to 37 per cent. Does the lady quail? Will she relent? Here's what she told the British people last month:

"We did not promise you instant sunshine. Change cannot be painless, particularly at a time of world recession and rapidly rising oil prices. But much of what we are going through today is the result of past folly and neglect. . . . For government, facing our national problems entails, above all, keeping the growth of money in line with the growth in the amount of goods and services. After years of printing too much money this will take time, but it must be done. It is a daunting but exhilarating mission. We shall see it through. We owe it to our people."

Spoken like a man, we could have said—in the days before Carter.

Neutron Bomb

Orphaned by Jimmy Carter almost two years ago, the neutron bomb may finally have found a home. French military officials, searching for ways to modernize the country's nuclear forces in the face of the growing Soviet arsenal, have recommended that France add the neutron bomb to its operational forces. The bomb has been much debated in France, and the fact that the military's decision became known means, given the government's mastery of the media, that Giscard will probably decide to produce the weapon, making France the first Western country to do so.

The recommendation to produce the neutron bomb coincides, perhaps not so coincidentally, with reports that the Soviets are preparing to introduce a new tank into the European theater—the T-80—equipped with an armor shield that may be invulnerable to the anti-tank missiles of Western forces in Europe. Furthermore, refinements in the armor of the older Soviet tanks—the T-64 and T-72—have thrown into doubt NATO's ability to stop even them.

U.S. arms specialists, working with a Western arms consortium, are reported to be developing a new anti-tank missile that could penetrate the Soviet tanks; the catch is that the new missile, effective as it may be, is still on the drawing board, while the T-80 is already in production and will probably be squatting some place in Eastern Europe before the year is out.

What the U.S. Army needs, says an anonymous U.S. military official quoted by *New York Times* reporter Drew Middleton, is a weapon available today "or at latest tomorrow." As it happens, the U.S. has the neutron bomb—and has had it today, yesterday, and many days before that, but, thanks to Jimmy Carter, it remains on the shelf.

A Panegyric on His Majesty's Happy Recovery

If Liberalism had birthdays, Arthur Schlesinger Jr., its Poet Laureate, would compose odes for the occasion. As it is, he performs all the other ceremonial functions, praising his patron's virtues and satirizing its enemies.

"Is Liberalism Dead?" asks the title of Schlesinger's latest production, an essay in the *New York Times Magazine*, and, stop the presses, the answer is no. We begin with an invocation to the muse of clarity and fair play: "Let us have done with the attribution of bizarre premise and motive to the other side." Next come the definitions: "Conservatives . . . see the private market as infinitely exact, sensitive, efficient, and

Cy Vance Meets the Press

Everything's under control.
No, I am not playing games.
What do you mean, "in a hole"?
Certainly I know their aims!
Yes, it was just a mistake.
Yes, I'm aware we've been panned.
Why don't you step on a rake?
No, I am not being canned.

W. H. VON DREELE

impartial." Liberals, it is true, were free-marketeers in Jefferson's day—but only because "anti-statism [then] served popular interests." For "the basic difference" between conservatives and liberals is that the former support "the existing distribution of wealth and power."

[Gadzooks! The Poet Laureate has smoked us out, stripped away the mask! We conservatives, uncritical celebrants of the status quo, trumpets, tara-tara, absolutely rejoice in Washington's consumption of ump-ty-ump per cent of the GNP, celebrate HUD, State, Health and Human Services (né HEW); positively adore the *New York Times* and the World Council of Churches and the, our hearts go pit-a-pat, General Assembly of the United Nations; the sun never rises but we find ourselves praising the Lord for the corpus of regulations imposed in the name of the consumer and the snail-darter; and we grow weak with adoration when thinking of the pro-abortion and pro-busing oligarchs hunkered down in the Executive branch. *Change any of that? Vile thought, positively Jacobin. All hail the status quo!*]

"Sometime in the 1980s," the beloved Laureate goes on, a nascent liberalism will take up the issues of inflation [another status-quo blessing applauded by conservatives] and the energy crisis [ditto]. "These are problems that the market is structurally incapable of solving. As the nation turns to meet them with a politics of purpose, our sense of adventure and idealism will return. Our blood will start flowing. ["Our"? And "start"?] There will be a breakthrough into a new political epoch. [There will be new job openings for Arthur Schlesinger Jr.]

"And so," Schlesinger continues, "the cycle will continue, until the nation grows tired again of commitment and uplift. For, as Emerson pointed out, both conservatism and liberalism easily rush to excess. The conservative party, he wrote, 'vindicates no right, it aspires to no real good, it brands no crime, it proposes no generous policy . . .' On the other hand, reform 'runs to egotism and bloated self-conceit.'"

Well, Emerson was half-right.

Will Reason Prevail?

To no one's surprise, the recent Soviet incursion into Alaska has brought the hawks and the long-dormant extreme Right back into the headlines. The jingoists and saber-rattlers are having a field day on Capitol Hill, and even some senators usually noted for prudence and restraint are calling for some type of provocative confrontation.

But fortunately, voices of reason have not been entirely drowned out in Washington. As Senator Edward Kennedy so eloquently said last night, "It would be folly to disregard the Soviet Union's historic interest in what was until only recently Russian America. Reasonable persons can disagree over Chairman Brezhnev's assertion that Seward's purchase of Alaska, since the deal was concluded with the defunct and discredited Czarist regime, was never valid and, much as we deplore the Soviets' use of force in crossing the Bering Strait, there is no cause for hysteria." Senator Kennedy has wisely called for a special session of the United Nations to consider the matter. The unprovoked takeover of Alaska can only result in a vote of condemnation for the Soviet Union—a major moral victory for the United States in the eyes of the Third World. But moral values mean little to the super-patriots who rant about "kicking the Russians out of Anchorage."

More eloquent, perhaps, than all the talk from politicians, generals, and even newspaper columnists is the simple question of a young mother watching her child frolic in the California surf. "Why," she asked us, "should my kid die for the Pentagon and a bunch of icebergs?"

—JACK KIRWAN

Jesse Owens, RIP

James Cleveland (Jesse) Owens was the greatest track and field man of modern times, and one of a handful of twentieth century athletic superstars. As a sophomore at Ohio State in 1935, competing in his first Big Ten championships, he broke three world records and tied another one. At the Berlin Olympics the following year, he won four gold medals and set two new Olympic records.

From his earliest appearances in major competition, Owens, "the Ebony Gazelle," was a fully formed athlete, requiring little coaching and turning in—it seemed effortless—superlative performances.

Naturally the Berlin achievements of black American athletes—six gold medals, notably—embarrassed Nazi master-race rhetoric. Owens's experience there, however, has given rise to a number of myths that continue to be asserted as fact, and even embroidered

further: that Hitler snubbed Owens, that Hitler was furious when Owens won, that Hitler stalked from his box rather than congratulate Owens, etc.

In fact, Owens was cheered as loudly at Berlin as any Aryan and was regarded by the crowds with both curiosity and awe. Owens himself claimed that on one occasion, while in the stadium, he caught sight of Hitler: "When I passed the Chancellor he arose, waved his hand at me, and I waved back at him." As for the alleged snubbing, Richard D. Mandell tells a quite different story in his accurate and scholarly book *The Nazi Olympics* (1971):

"What gave rise to this story was the following string of events: Hitler was in his loge on August 2, the first day of competition, when Hans Wölkke broke the Olympic record for the shot-put and, incidentally, became the first German to win a track or field championship in an Olympiad. Wölkke and the third place winner, also a German, Gerhard Stöck, were, at Hitler's request, led to his box for a personal congratulation. Soon afterward Hitler personally and ostentatiously congratulated the three Finns who took a 'grand slam' in the 10,000-meter run. Then he greeted the Germans, Tilly Fleischer and Luise Krüger, first and second place winners in the women's javelin throw. In the meantime, Owens, Metcalfe, and other Americans were running in their semifinal meets of the 100-meter dash. The only other final scheduled for that day was in the high jump, which was running late. When all the German high-jumpers were eliminated, Hitler left in the darkness and threatening rain and was not on hand to clasp the hands of first-place Cornelius Johnson, second-place David Albritton, and third-place Delos Thurber—all Yanks, the first two of whom were blacks. A legitimate question to ask here is, 'Was Cornelius Johnson snubbed?'"

"In any case, Count Baillet-Latour, president of the International Olympic Commission, sent word to Hitler that he was merely a guest of honor at the Games. He should congratulate all or none. Hitler chose to congratulate none—in public at least. (Thereafter, he did warmly felicitate German victors in private, how-

ever.) So when Jesse Owens won the final of the 100 meters the next day, August 3, he was not publicly greeted by Hitler—nor was any other winner on that or any of the following days. . . . One of the common tales which is still perpetuated in popular accounts is that in Berlin in 1936 Hitler snubbed Jesse Owens by refusing to shake his hand."

The man who finished second to Jesse Owens in the 100-meter run that year, Ralph Metcalfe, died last year after a distinguished career in Congress. Owens achieved success as a businessman and fame as a speaker. Those who knew him remember him as a powerful personality, as a direct and sometimes lyrical patriot, and as, everywhere and always, a complete gentleman.

Notes



Asides

■ Memo to: Jim McFadden
From: WFB

Several readers, you will have remarked in "Notes & Asides," suggest that our editorial copy is Eastern-oriented. I know there's a sense in which that has to be: broadcast journalism and book publishing is concentrated. But I'd be interested to know how the circulation of *NR* is dispersed in proportion to the general population.

Memo to: WFB
From: JPM
Re: *NR*'s "Demographics"

Our returns show that:

- a) We are for some reason unusually high in Connecticut and New Hampshire.
- b) We are also disproportionately high in South Carolina, where gift subscriptions are high.
- c) We are disproportionately low in the obvious non-reading states grouped in the Kentucky/Tennessee/Alabama/Mississippi section, and other individual such states.
- d) By far the highest concentration is in Washington, D.C.

These anomalies are easily explained, although they do add up to an Eastern concentration of sorts. However, you *do* remember my telling you some ten years ago—that was after your and Jim's New York campaigns—that we had *twice* what we should have had

Our Hostages

St. Nick has gone, and valentines
Have brightened lovers' ways.
St. Patrick's Day has been drunk down;
In France, Bastille Day's craze
Will pass as Mr. Carter sits
And Waldheim counsels, "Wait."
At this speed they'll be meeting Rip
Van Winkle at the gate.

W. H. VON DREELE



Blaine, *The Spectator*

Rothco

in the New York area and *half* in California. Note that now there isn't much of a difference.

In short, I'd say *NR* follows the pattern any person able to read it would expect. Years ago I compared us to *Saturday Review* and found that we were proportionately almost identical everywhere except in the N.Y. area and California—*NR* higher in the former, *SR* in the latter. If I get a chance I'm going to ask for *The New Republic's* breakdown, and see how that compares.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Tonight I had the choice between getting stoned and reading *Cruising Speed*. I chose the latter, which I devoured in one sitting.

It was not quite as good a high, but I thought you might like to know it came in a close second.

Faithfully yours,
Gary Orrman
Denver, Colo.

Dear Mr. Orrman: Try one of my novels, why not? I can't stand this also-ran business. Cordially, WFB

■ Memo to: WFB

From: Mona Charen

Re: Letters to the Editor

Unlike many other magazines, *NR* does not publish guidelines for Letters to the Editor, and this causes some confusion. Many of our best letters, for example, tend to run very long, and since it is our (almost inflexible) rule to publish only letters of three hundred words or less, we are forced to cut some excellent stuff. The innocent letter writer, when he sees his work in print, perhaps concludes that we have cut the weaker sections of his letter (which indeed is sometimes the case, but often not). In addition, we might avoid some needless correspondence by specifying that while we welcome suggestions of a

general nature from readers, we *publish* only letters which refer directly to material which has appeared in *NR*.

How about running, from time to time, a box in the Letters section which would spell out our policies?

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

The Lewis/Howe Company, manufacturers of "Tums for the Tummy," have, since 1890, produced a lesser known product here in St. Louis known as Nature's Remedy, a purgative, which they are given to calling "NR," much as you do your delightful magazine.

As you will note from the enclosed, their advertising slogan has been for years, "*NR Tonight . . . Tomorrow Alright!*"

For some years now I have taken to reading *NATIONAL REVIEW* at home in the evenings after dinner, and it suddenly struck me last evening that as you had adopted their abbreviation, you might as well adopt their slogan as well.

I rushed right out and bought a package of the stuff in order to have the box and packing list to send to you.

I must say that I have never had need for their "Remedy," and hope I never do, but I shudder at the thought of not being able to avail myself of regular doses of yours.

Long life to you and your clan!

Sincerely,
William P. Bruening
Maryland Heights, Mo.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Harlan Ellison, well-known author of fantasy, suspense, and science fiction, had this to say about *NATIONAL REVIEW* in an interview given to *The Comics Journal*, #53: "I read *NATIONAL REVIEW* to keep abreast of those people, not because I like any of it. Also, they do have some very, very well-written stuff . . ."

Ellison was also a judge the second year of the World Fantasy Award, about which he says: "We gave the short story award to Russell Kirk, a brilliant writer, for 'There's a Long, Long Trail A-Winding.'"

Best,
Brad Linaweaver
Atlanta, Ga.

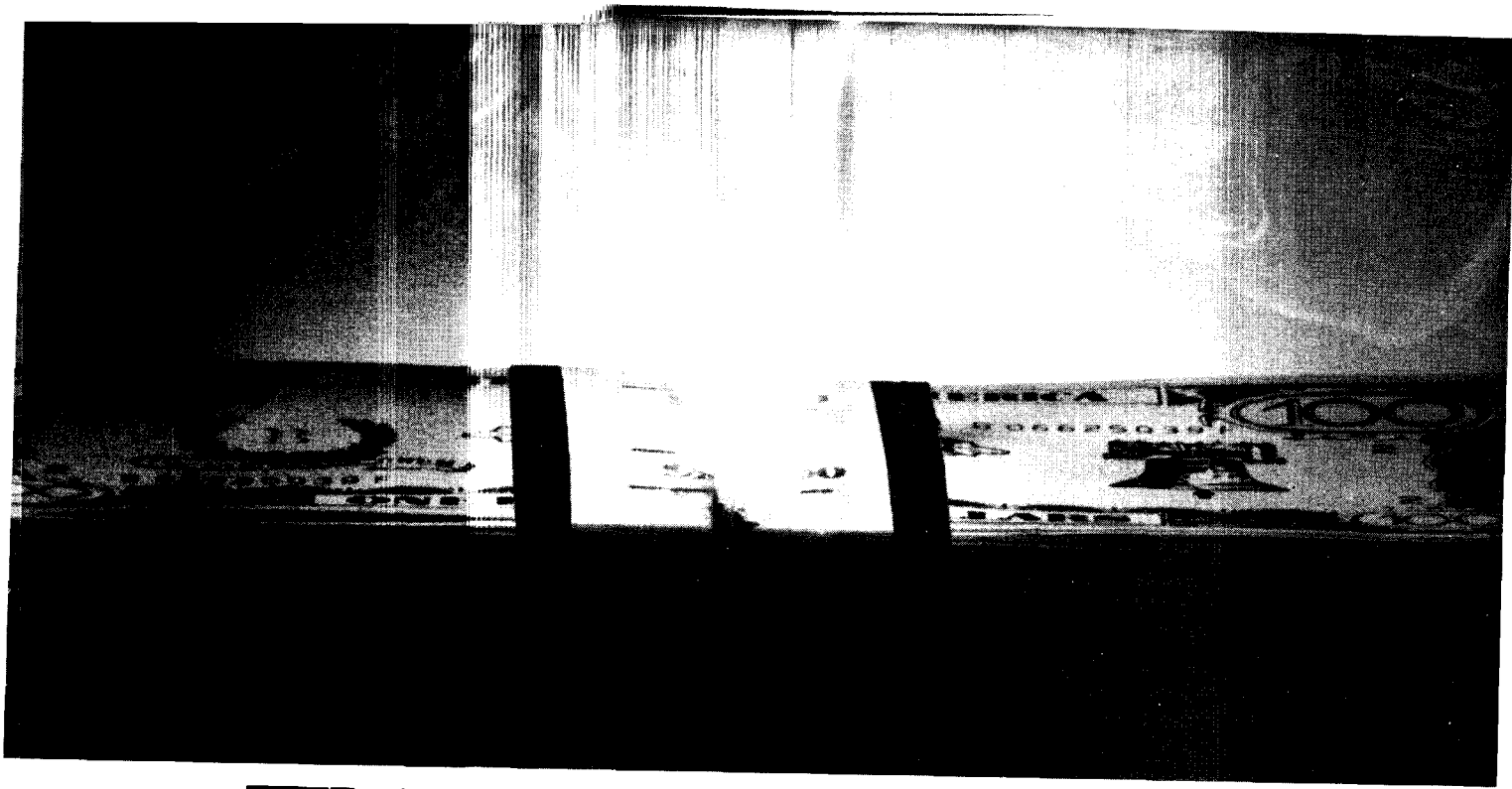
■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Tell me it isn't so. Tell me the typesetter goofed. Tell me a ghostwriter improvised. Tell me anything except that you really wrote about "hot air rising *upward*." I don't believe it. I can't believe it. I won't believe it.

Hopefully,
Ellen D. Parker
Norfolk, Va.

Dear Mrs. Parker: Even reactionaries don't believe that hot air descends downward!

—WFB



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That's why there's a full-time laser studies group at our Engineering Research Center. It's the reason that Western Electric now uses lasers not only in drilling, but also in many other operations.

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Light of the future

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The Current WISDOM



The Decade Of The Entrepreneur

NEAL B. FREEMAN

The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, but that's the way to bet.

—Damon Runyon

WASHINGTON, D.C.—It's a paradox. In one of its aspects, Washington remains the spiritual home of American socialism. Virtually every centrifugal force in our national life originates here, compelling our attention, our resources, and, at some painful moment in almost every individual life, our personal presence. It is a town still gripped by sociological abstractions, a town that is never so self-confident as when it casts a heavy bet on the slow and the weak.

In its other, less publicized aspect, though, Washington has become an oasis of new ideas and new opportunities. Skimming in under the bureaucratic radar, the suspicion has arrived that two and two, within tolerable limits of regional, racial, and psychographic variation, equals four. (Call it the liberating force of bad news.) Operating at first on the suburban fringe and later penetrating to the very heart of the city, the new class of people who work with their minds rather than their hands has grown, subdivided, and grown again. In the process, the character of this class has changed from merely technocratic to essentially entrepreneurial. So sudden and so surprising has been the change that it has taken some time to perceive its significance: which is that the greater Washington area is now every bit as entrepreneurial, every bit as growth-minded, as Houston or Miami or Phoenix.

We will go even further, to a prediction that will strike most of you as bizarre: we consider it highly probable that the free-enterprise impulse will grow and prosper here and that, if the Eighties do indeed become the Decade of the Entrepreneur, it will be at least in part the result of leadership from Washington. Here's the evidence, some

of it factual, some of it atmospheric.

1. *Some money has already been made available.* Last year, the Federal Government cut the top capital-gains tax rate from 49 per cent to 28 per cent, which is to say that incentives for both entrepreneurs and venture capitalists have been increased by about 50 per cent. At the same time, the "prudent investment" rules of the Employee Retirement Income Security Act of 1974 (ERISA) were relaxed, with the practical result that pension-fund managers can now invest in new businesses without staring a jail term in the face.

2. *More money is on the way.* There is now a congressional consensus to work the "supply side." And that's with Carter in the White House. Now if we get a serious tax-cutter in there . . .

3. *Financial institutions are becoming more creative.* As the stock market stumbles around at depressed levels, it's interesting to note that the market for new issues has done surprisingly well the past year. Additionally, the so-called leveraged buy-out, in which entrepreneurs buy going concerns out of future profits, has been widely employed. Both of these developments can be traced back to the restoration of investor incentives.

4. *Deregulation.* As Fred Emery once remarked, "regulation is the substitution of error for chance." While Washington officialdom does not yet embrace this view, it is beginning to grin appreciatively. It is generally pleased with the results of airline deregulation and has surprised even itself with the tenacious stand it is making against the truckers, the FTC, and other guardians of public privilege. All of this is especially good news for entrepreneurs, who suffer the burden of regulation disproportionately: they cannot, as a huge company can, spread the cost of compliance over a large unit volume.

5. *The rate of change in business conditions.* We have all noticed it—the startling acceleration in the pace of

market developments. Large corporations have noticed it as well, and some of them are moving boldly to anticipate it. (Exxon may be the world's largest communications company by the end of the century.) But it remains a cold fact of economic life that large organizations cannot react as quickly as small organizations. In a rapidly changing business environment, there is a demonstrable need for entrepreneurs, especially those who can find new applications for existing technologies, and those who can work the seams of existing markets with customized services. As a leading indicator, note that for the first time in a generation the nation's principal business schools are turning out entrepreneurs as well as managers.

6. *The small-business lobby.* We are unclear as to which is the chicken and which the egg, but the case for small business has become more compelling precisely at the moment when an effective lobbying effort has been galvanized. In a depressed election-year economy, of course, you can get anybody's attention here with the argument that small business creates most of the new jobs in this country.

BEYOND the fairly straightforward evidence, one should take account of the distinctive "Washington experience." After a fast-track start in business or the professions, young men and women come to Washington for jobs on the Hill, at the agencies, or, for the lucky few, in the White House itself. Almost invariably, these people are scandalously overpaid both in salary and in status. They are kids, really, but they are pulling down \$50,000 a year and advising national leaders on the Big Questions. When their tours end, as they almost invariably do, they enter a very select demographic group—the hardcore unemployed. No businessman in his right mind is going to pay fifty grand to a thirty-year-old namedropper whose only real-world skill is cadging last-minute seats at the Kennedy Center. But these ambitious young people want to stay in Washington. They want to earn big money and they want to keep the résumé clear of demeaning titles. So they go to the one person they know they can count on. They hire themselves. And not later than the very next day, they join the small-business lobby. □

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THE consequences of the Zimbabwe elections will be with us for a long time, and the moment for reflection is therefore by no means over.

It is hard to rejoice at the victory of an avowed Marxist in a national election. Subject to learned challenge, I believe this is the first time it has happened. I know Salvador Allende was a Marxist, and am aware that he became President of Chile as a result of an election, but he owed his good fortune (and Chile's curse) to a constitutional anomaly, since he secured only 36 per cent of the vote.

We are thus faced with the irony that the most avowedly anti-Communist head of government in the West, Mrs. Margaret Thatcher, presided over the process which, through Lusaka and Lancaster House, brought a Marxist leader, so recently a terrorist, to power.

Among the touching things about the British are: the capacity to become euphoric over their defeats (Dunkirk, Zimbabwe) and a resolute faith in free and fair elections. What is touching about the faith is the assumption that they *can* be free and fair among peoples with no democratic traditions and a high illiteracy rate. Let us note, *en passant*, that of the five "front-line" states surrounding Rhodesia, one only (Botswana) could claim to be a democracy as Anglo-Saxons understand the term. The others (Angola, Mozambique, Tanzania, and Zambia) are all one-party states, and the two ex-Portuguese ones are Marxist dictatorships to boot.

Was It Fair?

Doing my homework for a first visit to Black Africa in 1960—the year when Harold Macmillan's wind of change started blowing good and hard—I learned that African languages, in general, have no word for "opposition." He who opposes is an "enemy."

Two points now claim our attention: the one by now academic, the other intensely topical but difficult to resolve. The academic one is whether the elections were in any way valid as an expression of the popular will; the other is whether Mr. Robert Mugabe is, or is not, a Marxist.

When the people of Zimbabwe were

last consulted, in the spring of 1979, they voted clearly in support of Bishop Abel Muzorewa, who had concluded an internal settlement with Ian Smith. The Patriotic Front guerrillas of Joshua Nkomo and Robert Mugabe had declined to take part in the election, and they tried hard to prevent it. In this they failed, and nearly all the numerous groups of observers declared the elections to be free and fair.

This time around, however, Muzorewa wins only three seats, to Mugabe's 57. Question: If last year's elections were free and fair, can this year's be rated likewise, given the dramatic shift in outcomes? Bearing in mind that Governor Soames almost disqualified the Mugabe wing of the Patriotic Front after numerous authenticated cases of intimidation (with some feeble competition from Muzorewa's own auxiliaries), the answer is clearly No, even though the Commonwealth team of observers (who might have yelped if the results had gone the other way) pronounced themselves satisfied.

Now put the question another way: Did Mugabe's sweeping victory reflect the popular will (or, as Rousseau would have put it, the "general will")? Answer: a qualified Yes.

The qualifications are important. Mugabe's Shona tribe, the biggest in the country, voted overwhelmingly for him, and this alone would have given him his victory. But Muzorewa also is a Shona, so why did they not vote for him this time? The answer, clearly, is that the shrewd but timid Shona could see for themselves that Muzorewa's gamble had failed to come off when the British government decided not to recognize his government. They voted for Mugabe because he was the obvious winner and discarded Muzorewa because he was already the loser. And the electorate as a whole voted for "peace" on the terms of the men of violence.

Throughout this particular protracted conflict, some of us never tired of pointing out that "peace" was not the real issue in Rhodesia, since it had always been available on condition that the country were handed over to the Marxist camp. The real issue was defeat or victory. Among those who also

took this view was Julian Amery, who, despite his intellect and long experience, is now on the back benches. The Amery recipe would have involved instant recognition of Muzorewa, and giving his government the means to defeat the guerrillas.

The Carrington way (conciliate the Commonwealth, negotiate a formula) prevailed. Time will tell, as they say, who was right, and I note only that Mr. Amery has a formidable record of having been right on major issues (Europe, Suez, Aden, the Gulf) when fashion thought otherwise.

To Get Off the Hook

The fact is that the Lancaster House talks (in line with the past talks on Indochina, Korea, Laos, Cyprus, Algeria, etc.) were a device to enable the responsible power to get off the hook—at a price.

How high the price is to be rests in large measure upon the true ideology of the enigmatic Mr. Mugabe. I quote from the Manifesto of Mugabe's Zimbabwe African National Union, dated January 7, 1980:

In ideology, ZANU is guided by the Marxist-Leninist Principle. ZANU aims to achieve a socialist revolution . . . after the settler regime has been swept off . . . ZANU, the vanguard of the revolution, will put all means of production under public ownership.

As everybody has noted, with comforting surprise, Mugabe, on achieving victory, promised reconciliation, no victimization, no purges, and no nationalization of successfully productive white farms; and he appeared to postpone "socialism" to an indefinite future, like the Fabians (while not abandoning it). Not least: whether Mugabe is a Marxist-Leninist or not, he was never a Moscow man (Moscow backed Nkomo).

Well, Ho Chi Minh's 1945 constitution was a liberal text, closely modeled on Thomas Jefferson; and duly took in a generation of liberals. On the other hand, the last departing governor of Kenya thought Kenyatta would lead the country to darkness and death. It will be interesting to see Zimbabwe in five years. □

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Doonesbury's Candidate



RICHARD BROOKHISER

THE SECOND DAY of spring in Hartford, Connecticut feels more like the twentieth day of autumn, and John Anderson doesn't make things any more pleasant by running behind schedule. The hair of the reporters and spectators standing outside the Traveler's Insurance Building is beaded with diamonds, and an unmailed letter in a woman's hand wrinkles and droops. The candidate was scheduled to arrive for hand-shaking at 7:25 A.M.; it's now a quarter of eight.

Three days earlier, the Republicans picked 92 delegates in Illinois. Anderson had going for him a primary law allowing cross-overs, an endorsement from the *Chicago Tribune*, and an embarrassing performance by Bush in Florida. A *Tribune* poll showed Anderson and Reagan running neck and neck. Reagan's neck turned out to be 12 percentage points longer, and Anderson, undismayed, went promptly into the next rounds—the Connecticut primary March 25, the Wisconsin primary April 1.

He comes at last, 15 minutes after his press bus, and the crowd, huddled under a cement walkway, applauds with hollow pocks. The TV lights make him look greenish. Anderson moves inside, to a great hole of a hall, where hundreds of workers are crowded on the stairs and balconies (“I hope he wins,” says one. “I don’t think he will”). Anderson picks one of the stairways to ascend, and the crowd flows toward him like a shoal of fish. He hurries along the walkway, over the street, into a second building, down a second staircase, to a second street. His crowd-working instincts haven’t woken up yet; he shakes a hand and delays his “Good morning” until he has turned away. Someone hands him coffee.

His entourage moves across the street and back two centuries for the next event, a press conference in the Old State House. The building sits in an island of grass off Main Street; the room in which Anderson will speak is decorated with white dentils, cream walls, an Anderson for President sign, and a brass chandelier with dwarfish yellow reporters

imprisoned in the pendant. Jesse Root (College of New Jersey, class of 1756) sits behind the lectern, wearing a dark jacket and a crinkly coat of paint; a cherub holding the scales of justice peeps out of a cloud. Every line of the room is as clean as a syllogism, and the windows seem to run around the walls. After a long private pow-wow (advance men live to be frustrated), Anderson begins the press conference.

He has a fine, bass-baritone voice, and the kind of bone structure (un-beautiful but impressive) usually called rugged. He must be one of the few men in America whose glasses do not make him look like a preppie or a fly. But the hair—the hair looks as if it had been blanched by some traumatic childhood encounter, probably with an anti-Communist. He wears a blue blazer, grey pants, and a red tie.

He begins with self-defense. Bush’s commercials have charged that the fifty-cent gas tax endorsed by Anderson would be “regressive,” but this, he says, is a “knowing distortion.” The gas tax, or 50/50 tax, is Anderson’s grand original idea, his signature theme. The tax would add a fifty-cent excise on every gallon of gasoline, the revenue from which would then be plowed into the Social Security trust fund, allowing employee contributions to be cut to as low as 3 per cent. Old people—who no longer pay into the system, and thus would not profit from the reduction—would get higher benefits. Businesses which depend on motor fuel would get tax credits. Anderson illustrates the trade-offs with a Hypothetical Worker, earning \$15,000 a year. HW would save \$450 a year on payroll taxes. If he uses less than nine hundred gallons a year, he comes out ahead. Meanwhile says Anderson, America would save several hundred thousand barrels of oil a day. “So let’s be fair, let’s be honest. Let’s describe this proposal as it has been described from one end of the country to another.”

As for Reagan, “in this age in which we live,” people don’t want to be told that “the panacea for our problems is simply to arm to the hilt to do mortal battle with what he calls ‘Godless, atheistic Communism’” (laughter).

Anderson has been called the most eloquent orator in the House. What his admirers mean to say is that he is just about the only orator there, or anywhere. Connally gives

This is the fifth in a series of profiles of the presidential candidates by Mr. Brookhiser, a senior editor of NR.

the stump speech, half auctioneer's patter, half cheerleading. Reagan draws a bath of emotion, in which anecdotes, one-liners, and ideas bob and float. Kennedy speaks the language of the New Frontier, which is modeled ultimately on the symmetries of Cole Porter ("I say 'tomato,' you say 'tomahto'"; "Ask not what your country can do for you [etc.]"). Anderson—orates. He pads his sentences with the upholstery of sermons, commencement addresses, and old-fashioned summations; they suggest wing chairs, athenaeums, 11th Editions of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. When speaking, he stands stiffly, but all his gestures fall in the right places.

The defense rests, time for questions. Anderson says he has "never voted against a defense bill," though he has opposed specific weapons that didn't represent the "most judicious use" of our resources. The MX missile, for instance, will cost \$60 billion, and could be "easily overwhelmed." Anderson proposes instead a fleet of fifty diesel submarines, armed with MX-type missiles. *Iran?* He hopes we have "learned our lesson," which is that "you can't build a foreign policy on the shaky foundation and shifting sands of a regime which doesn't enjoy the support of its people." At the same time, we need better intelligence. *Have you ever given your support to Democrats?* This is a popular question just now, and George Will has written a column on it. In a fund-raising letter for the National Abortion Rights Action League, Anderson had warned against "a reactionary coalition of right-wing groups" which was planning "to destroy the political careers of some of the nation's most progressive leaders . . . George McGovern, John Culver, Bob Packwood [the lone Republican in the list], Birch Bayh, Patrick Leahy . . . Unless you and I act immediately," Anderson went on, "the right-wing extremists are likely to succeed." He says now that the charge is "totally false," the letter "was not an endorsement," all those Democrats were just names in the body of the text. The accusation "comes with ill grace from Mr. Reagan," he continues, who was "riding his palomino" when Ford needed votes in the 1976 election. And anyway, six conservative Republicans recently signed an invitation to a fund-raising party for Democrat Larry McDonald. No one calls the bluff, and Anderson takes the pot with two lies and an irrelevancy.

The damp has turned to drizzle, two brief outdoor events have been canceled, and Anderson rides to Talcott Junior High School in West Hartford. There are maybe four hundred people in the auditorium, but the young ones provide the lung power, and Anderson thanks them. "The purpose of a rally is to inspire the troops. Well, you've just put it in reverse."

"This is the first day of spring . . ." *Second!* someone corrects him. "Well, spring has come to the Anderson campaign." He reviews his percentages to date—4 per cent in Iowa, 10 per cent in New Hampshire, 29 per cent in Vermont ("only hundreds of votes behind the so-called front-runner"), 31 per cent in Massachusetts, 37 per cent in Illinois. "This is the time for you to really go to work" to continue that progress in Connecticut. "Wherever you are—if you're in church on Sunday, so long as you don't interrupt the minister—" tell people you're for John Anderson. Critics have said that "anyone who has the temerity not to talk down to the American people" will lose. And "you

know," his voice softens, "I didn't have faith in the American people. . . . But we touched a chord in the hearts and minds of the American people," and they are "anxious and ready" for new ideas. "I can talk for a long time," he finishes, "I've got an expandable speech, believe me." Students flock to the mikes for questions.

Nuclear power? Anderson believes "absolutely" that the recommendations of the Kemeny and Rogovin reports must be met, and so there must be "a moratorium on the granting of new licenses—" The answer is covered in a cloud of applause. *Party loyalty?* Anderson is aggrieved. "I've been running for 24 years. Not once, not twice, but six times, I've been elected by my Republican peers as chairman of the House Republican Conference. I'm trying to build a stronger party." *Suppose the Republicans nominate Ronald Reagan?* The old party campaigner runs for the high ground. "What's been important in this campaign are issues, and whether John Anderson can present them to the country." Now, "some say issues aren't important; [they] retreat to the shibboleths of party loyalty." They say in effect that they "don't care whether someone looks at the future through lenses which say we're locked in mortal combat with 'Godless, atheistic Communism' [laughter again]. . . . I will wait until that great convention, until that roll is called." A final crack at the so-called front-runner: "Mr. Reagan . . . sat sulking in his tent in 1976."

Godless Communism is a joke, but meltdowns are serious, and an earnest young jock wants to know if a President can really have an effect on nuclear power? The President, Anderson answers, exerts influence by means of the budget recommendations he makes. Meanwhile, "renewable sources" should be explored on a regional level: in New England, "tides, winds, low-head hydro." "Thank you, Mr. Ander-

No one calls the bluff, and
Anderson takes the pot with
two lies and an irrelevancy

son," says the jock, "it's good to hear a good politician at last." Someone hands Anderson a note—one thousand people are waiting at the next event, and he must leave. "But you want to win, don't you?" *Yes!* cries the crowd; down-vested students follow him to his car.

The auditorium at Glastonbury High School has one thousand people in it, and they're all students, and they yell like hell. "Just so there isn't any confusion," Anderson begins, "that woman I was hugging was my wife." The good-natured joke gets a good-natured laugh, and he switches moods skillfully. "You know," he says quietly, a little baffled, "I've been reading some strange things. As if it's all decided. The Democrats will pick Carter, the Republicans will pick Reagan." He names them in sing-song; boos and whistles. "Don't you believe it!" he shouts. Reagan "simply

help



(C) Punch

*"I keep looking for the merest hint of the woman
who once used to creep back to her room for
a quiet weep."*

America Re-Arms

The battleship *New Jersey*
May be de-mothballed soon;
Spruced up with modern missiles,
She'd sail—two years from June.
Although I hope the Congress
Approves the face-lift job,
Please understand, with ships I'm
A sentimental slob.

W. H. VON DREELE



"I would like to speak to the head vulture!"



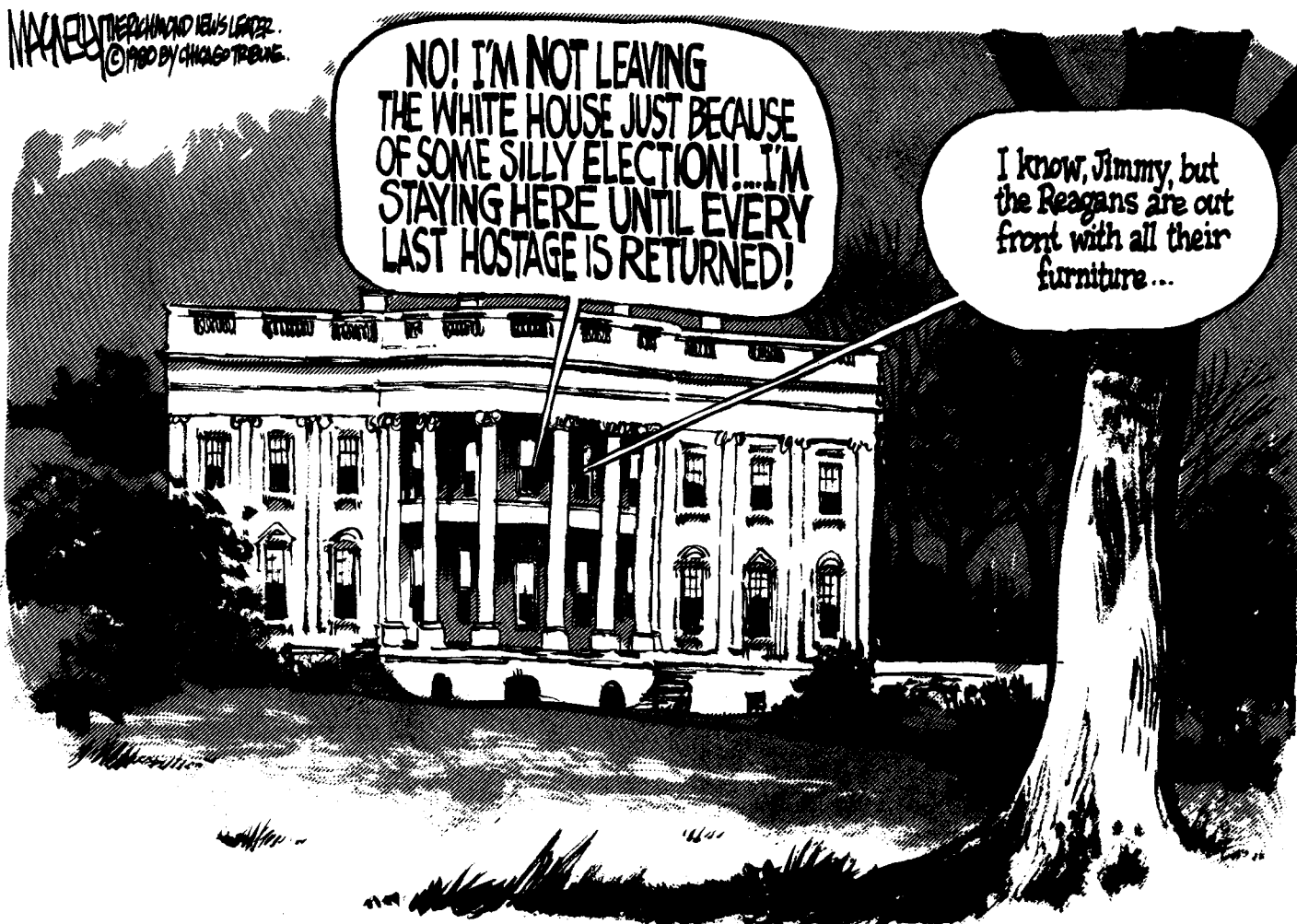
IRS

The Dallas Morning News



"I refuse to pay that part of my tax that goes to pay Carter's salary."

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isn't going to be elected by the American people in November," and Anderson doesn't want his party "to make that mistake." Reagan wants to "arm to the teeth," while simultaneously cutting taxes and balancing the budget; "I think it's time that views as anachronistic and outdated and outmoded be exposed to the minds of the American people." He looks into the audience and sees young people. "It's your world, as we look down the corridor of time," and it shouldn't have to be lived "behind the lowering brows" of a foreign policy of "big muscles." Not that Anderson is for military weakness. "Anyone who says John Anderson is for weakening the defense doesn't know the record." The U.S. Navy should add two hundred ships of the line, while the volunteer army should be beefed up "so a grocery clerk in California doesn't make more than a chief petty officer." He climaxes: "You who constitute the all-volunteer army of John Anderson—you can prove once and for all . . . that America can, that the Republican Party will, elect John Anderson in nineteen hundred and eighty!"

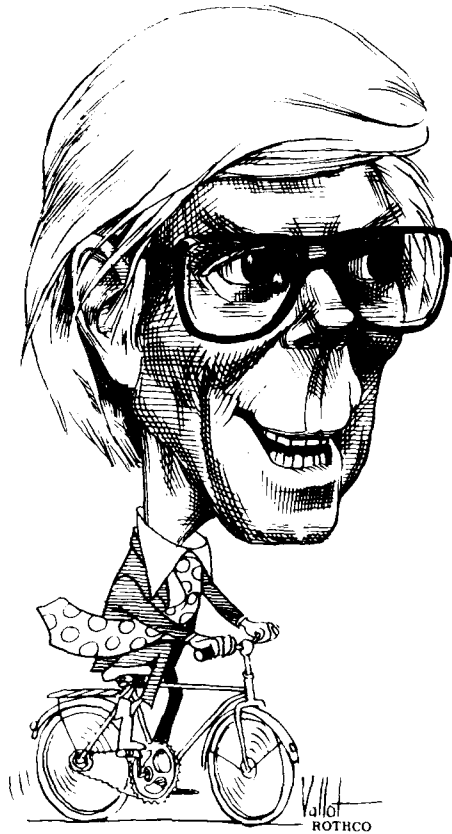
The first question is a toughie. *What President would you pick as role model?* What to say? Franklin Pierce? James Garfield? Anderson takes a wild shot in the dark: "Abraham Lincoln." *Will you consider running as an independent?* "No" (three days later, in Milwaukee, Anderson will answer, "I don't know"). *Busing?* Anderson cites his support of the National Equal Education Opportunity Act, which proposed guidelines for remedies to segregated schooling. "Busing is on the list. It's near the bottom, not the top." He opposes an anti-busing amendment as needlessly rigid. A student offers him a mounted collection of photographs, "presented on behalf of the Social Studies Department as a momentum of your visit." Anderson leaves for the airport, and a commercial plane.

THE CANDIDATE goes from the city of Jesse Root, to Racine, Wisconsin. Racine's houses shine like bright, peaked cubes, hotels from a Monopoly board, and the names on its stores cover every ethnic group from Finnmark to Schleswig-Holstein.

There are two events in the Racine Motor Inn tonight, a press conference on the ground floor, and a Racine County Lincoln Day Dinner in the basement. Six cheerleaders and a six-person drill team in yellow kilts have been practicing a ceremony in the lobby for the diners downstairs, and a young-middle-aged woman, evidently a mother, lines them up.

"I want them to play for the media."

A young-middle-aged man demurs. "They're not gonna play going down the steps."



She gives one of those eye-popping stares, as if to say, *Honey—the media!*

"It's kinda hard to play going down the steps." He drinks. "All right, play for the media." They play "On, Wisconsin" up the steps, then march down in silence.

Another group, more serious, is playing for the media outside the conference room window: 15 anti-abortionists ("a small, but rich and vociferous group"—John Anderson) are marching in a circle. They chant intermittently, and Anderson must raise his voice.

Jerry Brown has been campaigning in Wisconsin for economic self-sufficiency. Anderson "totally" disagrees; "inaugurating a trade war with allies would be one of the worst things to do." *How will you win?* Anderson says he agrees with Ford that Reagan is not electable in 1980, "and as that fact is driven home, we're gonna change some hearts and minds." *Gene McCarthy has called Democrats supporting you "misguided."* "My good friend, Senator McCarthy—and he is my friend—is here to endorse Governor Brown, so it's not strange he

said what he said." *Who writes your speeches?* a reporter kids. "Oh, Ralph Waldo Emerson . . . Cicero . . ."

The Racine Republicans, meanwhile, have lined up a strong speaking-card—Anderson for the main event, and Abraham Lincoln for the introduction. President Lincoln (whose 12 decades in the ground seem not to have spoiled his beard and top hat) says it feels good to be in demand some time other than February—"and I know George Washington feels the same way." He then recites the Gettysburg Address.

Anderson thanks his introducer. Lincoln, he says, "fulfilled a God-given mission." But now, "what a contrast." No jokes about Reagan tonight—Anderson pounds Carter in slow, measured periods, and the audience claps at the conclusion of each section. Carter created an unnecessary crisis in Iran; Carter vacillated over Afghanistan. An aide of Helmut Schmidt has said that Germans "do not trust the United States." W. Michael Blumenthal has said the Administration "failed to chart a common-sense economic policy." When the pounding ends, the diners give him a standing ovation.

DURING the question-and-answer period, however, their enthusiasm flags. The defeat of the Panama Canal treaty, Anderson says, would have led to guerrilla warfare [scattered applause]. He supports the windfall-profits tax, because when decontrol comes, prices will rise to a level set, not by the market, but by a cartel [almost no applause]. We learned things as a result of Three Mile Island, and "I hope, ma'am," he addresses his questioner, "I will go

through life with the ability to *learn*" [weak applause]. He explains his 50/50 tax, gets his best hand, gets a final standing ovation, leaves. A lady at the door is selling elephant pomanders and bookmarks.

ERNEST ALBIN ANDERSON came to this country in his teens from Westergotland, Sweden. He settled in Rockford, Illinois, where he found a wife, opened a grocery store, and fathered six children. John Bayard, the fifth young Anderson, was born February 15, 1922. John never knew three of his siblings—they died of diphtheria or pneumonia.

The Andersons belong to the First Evangelical Free Church of Rockford, and when John was nine, he was born again at a meeting in a revivalist's tent. He does not wear his conversion on his sleeve for reporters to peck at. "The instant of my salvation," he wrote in 1970, "was not one of the ephemeral events that . . . slowly fade . . . but the cataclysmic change that is eternal." For several years after the change, Anderson wanted to be a preacher.

Anderson graduated, Phi Beta Kappa, from the University of Illinois in 1942. He won four battle stars serving with the field artillery in World War II, went back to Illinois for law school, and got a master's in law from Harvard in 1949. After a few years of practicing in Rockford, the young lawyer decided to join the Foreign Service, and went to have his passport picture taken. The photographer fell in love with him, and John Anderson and Keke Machakos were married in Berlin in 1953. (Keke is usually described as having a "Greek temperament," which should be understood to suggest Maria Callas rather than Epicurus; she is a short-fused, headstrong, loose-mouthed woman who has publicly called John Connally a "crook" and Phil Crane a "fascist.")

Anderson entered politics in 1956, running for Illinois State Attorney and winning. Four years later, he moved up to the office which he was to hold for two decades, Congressman from Illinois's 16th District.

The freshman class of the 87th Congress included John Ashbrook and John Rousselot, and Anderson's opinions originally matched theirs. He now says that when he heard Goldwater's "extremism in defense of liberty" speech at the Cow Palace, a "chill just went up my spine"; the chill seems not to have reached his voting record, however—his ADA rating, a heady seven in 1964, fell back to zero in 1966.

Anderson began his political conversion two years later. The Kerner Report impressed the Congressman from the lily-white district. Religion also played a part: "As a Christian," he wrote later, "I had to be willing to give up age-old prejudices." When the "open housing" provisions of the Civil Rights Act of 1968 came before the Rules Committee, Anderson's vote in favor broke a tie and sent the bill to the House floor. In 1969, Anderson was elected chairman of the House Republican Conference (he would be challenged three times for the post). He says he cast a blank presidential ballot in 1972, and in 1974 he was the first Republican congressman to come out for Nixon's resignation. His ADA and ACA ratings converged and crossed.

Two years ago, the conservatives in the 16th District mutinied. Donald Lyon, an evangelical minister, challenged Anderson in the Republican primary. Lyon had some help

from conservative money-raisers in Washington; he also claimed to have a "letter of endorsement" from Ronald Reagan (Reagan had written saying that, though he could not attend a Lyon fund-raiser, he was "with" Lyon "all the way"; Reagan's office later described the letter as "personal," and regretted that the Lyon campaign had used it). Anderson brought in reinforcements of his own; Gerald Ford, Henry Kissinger, and Jack Kemp all spoke for the incumbent. Anderson spent heavily, rallied Democratic cross-overs, and took 58 per cent of the vote. A solid win; impressive for a rookie, annoying for a veteran of 18 years.

ON JUNE 8, 1979, Anderson became the eighth Republican to declare a presidential candidacy. He entered the race with a political profile that might have been a mirror-image of George Meany's—moderately conservative on economics; naïve on foreign affairs; rabid on social issues.

Anderson makes much of standing in the GOP's economic mainstream ("Wallet on the Right, Heart on the Left" is one Anderson slogan), and the claim is not untenable. Anderson rated an anemic 22 per cent in the 1978 AFL-CIO COPE ratings. He has opposed common-situs picketing, wage-price controls, and attempts to stack the National Labor Relations Board. He would like a law allowing employers to pay teenagers 85 per cent of the minimum wage. He supported, then voted against, the Consumer Protection



Anderson does not wear his conversion on his sleeve for reporters to peck at

Agency. He spoke for the Kemp-Roth tax cut in the House (this was why Kemp campaigned for him), but has now backed off. He backed the Humphrey-Hawkins full-employment bill.

His position on the gasoline tax has already been described. Anderson backed the Clinch River Breeder program, and nuclear power generally, until Three Mile Island; he now urges strict adherence to the safety recommendations of the Kemeny and Rogovin reports—in effect, a moratorium.

Anderson on foreign policy sometimes sounds like Anderson on economics—unexcitable, well-informed, semi-conservative. He alone of the Republican candidates in Iowa favored the grain embargo. He chides Carter for vacillation and inconsistency, and justifies his opposition to mastadonic weapons systems—the MX missile, the B-1 bomber—on the grounds that they will not "give us the mobile, lean, tough, balanced force that we need to protect this country."

Lean forces, however, are no better than fat ones if a country's leaders do not understand what they need to be protected from. Anderson does not. His tactical prescriptions

rest on a foundation of mush. Russian military spending, he told the *New York Times*, is fueled by "traditional xenophobia" and "a fear of a revival of German militarism." "The Soviets," he told the *Village Voice*, "are still a very frightened and insecure country." Thus, comparing the Soviet and American military budgets "is like comparing apples and oranges." The Soviets "obviously think they've got to have this vast force on the China frontier. They're worried about the instabilities in Eastern Europe. So they're pouring a lot more money . . . into arms but I think it's out of this basic sense of insecurity." Anderson shrugs off the *Anschluss* of Afghanistan as "an extension of the Brezhnev doctrine," and worries instead (on *Face the Nation*) about a "new cold war mentality" that would make us "forget the dangers of living in a nuclear age." He has backed and continues to back SALT II.

Anderson takes his strongest stands, however, on social issues. He praises gun control whenever a news camera and an audience of gun-owning straight-men coincide. He backed ERA and the extension without rescission, and would "use the White House as a 'bully pulpit'" to secure ratification. He supports abortion, opposes the Hyde Amendment (which bars the use of federal funds for abortions), and speaks with pride of attending a candle-lit pro-abortion vigil in front of Bill Loeb's *Manchester Union Leader*: "I'm putting my body on the line for women." (Note—"my body on the line"—not a fetus's, which may end up in a garbage can, nor a woman's, which might bleed to death in child-birth, but John Anderson's.)

Stewart Mott, Dan Ackroyd, and Michael Doonesbury haven't picked the wrong candidate.

HOW HAS A MAN with such opinions come so far in a race for the Republican nomination? By attracting liberal Democrats, to be sure. But how has he attracted them?

Anderson, first, is a good speaker and a competent campaigner. He makes his audiences feel intelligent. He has a touch of meanness, and more than a touch of pomposity, which will hurt him over the long haul, but as of now, he is still fresh.

The candidate of straightforward integrity has also developed a talent for playing the media. Anderson knows that insulting an audience of right-wing natives always looks good on the 11 o'clock news. You lose three hundred votes, pick up a million, and Walter Cronkite calls you a hero.

Anderson, finally, has profited from the dismayed disarray of liberalism. Brown is a flake, Kennedy is a failure. Carter is both incompetent and insufficiently servile. Moreover, it seems as if the Republicans really will nominate the Monster from California—in which case, the most realistic liberals know they will have to hold their noses and vote for Carter. Romping with Anderson now is a way of doing penance, in advance, for backing Carter in November.

Where does all this get Anderson? Politically, nowhere. He can approach this destination by two routes. He may stay in the Republican race to the end, hoping Reagan becomes leprous, or calls for the annexation of Ecuador. No matter—if Reagan stumbled, the Republicans would pick Gordon Liddy before they turned to Anderson.

Afterward, he may run as an independent. Anderson's denials on this subject have been porous. If he waits until the GOP convention, he can still file in 33 states; declar-

ing after the Wisconsin primary would give him a shot at 48 states. With luck, he could sweep Massachusetts. The liberals who warn the GOP against repeating the mistakes of 1964 forget that in 1972, their paladin ran even worse than Goldwater, and conservatism has expanded while liberalism has shrunk. On the margin, Anderson would help the Republican nominee.

But practical politics is only one component of the Anderson campaign. There may be, in the first place, more than one presidency at stake. Anderson has sworn future congressional races. What better way to end his days than at the head of some prestigious university or foundation? And what better way to get there than by carrying the liberal banner?

Almost certainly more important, however, is a sense of baffled service. John Anderson has put 24 conscientious years into the Republican Party. The party—or its conservative core—has ignored his advice and withheld from him its higher honors. More, they have tried, in three House Conference elections and one primary challenge, to topple him from the positions he had. Still more, they have opposed him even though he has been *right*—a rightness acquired by painful self-education (" . . . willing to give up age-old prejudices").

So, at some point, John Anderson became an emigrant, leaving the 16th District of Illinois for Liberaland—that country where conservative congressmen meld into Mussolini, and Russian policymakers brood anxiously on racial memories of the Tatars; where male supporters of abortion speak of putting *their* bodies on the line, and no one speaks of "Godless Communism" except in zany jest. And why not? He shares many of the opinions of the inhabitants, and they treat him better than the conservatives ever did.

ANDERSON WAS SUPPOSED to come into La Crosse at noon. He arrives at 1:20 instead, dropping out of a skyful of fat snowflakes. The Third District is caucusing at the Holiday Inn; signs for Reagan, Bush, Stassen decorate the walls.

Anderson goes after Reagan, politely, but firmly. "Governor Reagan said in a recent interview with the *Los Angeles Times*, and I quote: 'The leading oil geologists will tell you that with decontrol, we could be producing enough oil to be self-sufficient in five years.' Mr. Reagan's optimism is not shared by any reputable officials of which I am aware." He quotes estimates of the National Academy of Sciences, the Congressional Budget Office, the General Accounting Office, all grim. "Any energy policy that is founded on a flimsy reed—that, I submit, is no energy policy. That is pie in the sky. Anyone who makes such claims has literally buried his head in the sand" (no doubt, looking for oil).

In a press conference on an artificial putting green by the indoor swimming pool, Anderson repeats the charges. "I would express the hope that some of the other policies [Reagan] is enouncing are not as fanciful." *Will you attack him on other issues?* "I will indeed." *Do you think he is—well, dumb, or deceitful?* "It isn't a question of intelligence," but of misinformation.

Outside, the cars of Republicans fill the parking lot. One has a Reagan sign and a bunch of balloons on its roof, and the balloons wear little shawls of snow. □



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have a rough
idea of
what you
look like...**

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Mayor Daley's Revenge

JOHN R. COYNE JR.

WE HAVEN'T had decent weather for a St. Patrick's Day parade since Mayor Daley died," said one onlooker.

"It's Mayor Daley raining on Jane Byrne's parade," said another. And maybe it was. Mayor Byrne, after all, an erstwhile Daley protégée, had driven Mayor Daley's beloved machine into a ditch, and on the way had alienated the bus drivers, the teachers, the firemen, and the President of the United States, to name just a few. But worst of all, from a celestial point of view, she had worked actively for the defeat of State Senator Richard Daley, the Democratic candidate for Cook County State Attorney and the favorite son of Himself.

At any rate, whether it was Mayor Daley himself or just the God of Weather, who lives in Lake Michigan and always plays a vital role in shaping Chicago's political mood, the day before the Illinois primary was miserable. And so was the mood of the crowd, some 250,000 Chicagoans lined up along State Street to watch the annual St. Patrick's Day parade—or, more accurately, to boo it.

They stood in the 37-degree windy, snowy, rainy, foggy weather (these effects happening simultaneously are one of the secrets of Chicago's appeal), and they booed. They booed Mayor Byrne, whose eyes seemed somewhat hurt beneath a large, strange-looking green cap. They booed Teddy Kennedy, who skipped erratically in and out of the procession like an oversized leprechaun, apparently trying to avoid the Mayor. They even booed a popular TV weatherman. When there was nothing else to boo, they booed themselves. Only the son of Himself rated sustained applause.

The next day—Primary Day—a *Chicago Sun-Times* headline read: "Regular Dems Fear Hostile Vote." Indeed. And they got it. In fact, it was a bad day for nearly everyone who had a vested interest in telling voters how to vote. Jane Byrne told them to vote for Ken-

nedy and against Daley, and they didn't. Governor Thompson told them to vote against Reagan, and they didn't. The media, in a monolithic love feast, told them to vote for Anderson, and the polls told them they would; they didn't.

In the event, the polls were wrong, the polls were wrong, the pundits were wrong, and they're still in the process of sorting things out. John Anderson's failure, especially after the extraordinary Chicago media hype—both the city's major papers endorsed him and the TV types greeted his candidacy like the Second Coming—may be the primary subject of retrospective musings.

Anderson did undoubtedly draw a large crossover vote, as predicted. But the problem in Illinois is that in the end you can only guess which votes are crossovers. (You don't register according to party affiliation, and therefore your affiliation is just assumed when you ask for a Democratic or Republican ballot on primary day. If you asked for a Republican ballot last year, you're regarded as a Republican in this year's tabulations, and so on.) According to the best guesses available, Reagan and Anderson split the "moderate" vote almost evenly, although people who call themselves "moderate" tend to be like people who tell their doctors during the annual checkup how little they drink each day. Furthermore, as well as can be determined, Reagan ran neck and neck with Anderson among young voters, independents, and voters with college educations.

Anyhow, you can take your pick. Myself, I have two theories: one is that more voters of whichever stripe preferred Reagan to Anderson; the other is that people grew weary of listening to Anderson refer to himself as "We," something he seems to do with only a bit less frequency than Louis XIV.

Everyone's also wondering what happened to the dreaded single-issue vote. And again, no one knows. There was a flurry of activity centered around the

abortion issue by Anderson opponents. And Reagan was strong in gun-owning areas. Illinois is very much a hunters' state, and a significant number of Chicago suburbanites take home defense very seriously. But for the most part the discussion about such things as abortion, guns, and ERA was so muted as to be almost inaudible.

All in all, those social issues that the New Right has been telling us for years would soon step to the fore simply were not important. Instead, what issues there were were the big three—the economy, defense, and competence in government. And perhaps, in the end, this should have been predictable. Perhaps those various social issues, growing as they did out of a disgruntled but abundant period, are no more than the peripheral worries of people who needn't worry about basics. And perhaps when hard times set in, the peripheral concerns blow away.

AMONG THE Democrats, the biggest loser was Mayor Byrne. Kennedy lost too, of course, but he was considered dead in the pasture long before post time, and the only real question was whether the Mayor could deliver sufficient Chicago delegates to make his loss respectable, and save some of her own face in the process. She couldn't.

Nor could she prevent Senator Daley from winning a smashing victory, thereby helping him to position himself as her most dangerous opponent for Himself's old job in 1983. She may have brought the machine to its knees. But by so doing, she drained it of the clout to put her own candidate into the Cook County State Attorney's office or to deliver the votes for Teddy. And now, the odds are strong that the newest Daley will begin to put his father's favorite vehicle back together again.

Poor Mayor Byrne. In one sense, the Republican primary was partially a primary of issues. Among the Democrats, however, the only real fuel was emotion. It was the emotional backlash against Michael Bilandic that carried Mayor Byrne into office. And it may be the same sort of backlash that carries her out. □

Mr. Coyne is an executive communications consultant with a Chicago firm.

Abroad

Athens

Greece in the Balkans

Anxiety over the future of Yugoslavia following the disappearance of Marshal Tito is felt keenly in Greece. Greece has for years had its hands full with Turkey and the Cyprus problem, and the disposition of its armed forces has been made with Cyprus uppermost in mind. As a result, Greece's northern frontiers are weakly defended, lacking the cover of the integrated NATO umbrella. Relations with the Soviet Union had been stable until the recent announcement that Moscow will cut back on its promise to supply two million tons of crude oil a year to Greece because of curtailed output at home. Greece will be able to make up the deficit from Iraq, Libya, and Saudi Arabia this year, but the uncertainty of Russian deliveries thereafter casts a shadow on the Greek economy. Greek authorities have a counterweight in that the supply of Russian oil was linked to an agreement signed last September under which Soviet ships, including auxiliaries of the Soviet fleet in the Mediterranean, have access to repair and maintenance facilities on the Aegean island of Syros. The agreement, however, provides that each repair job must be approved separately by the Greek government, which gives Athens the opportunity to dilute the usefulness of the arrangement.

Peking

Contact with Rome

The recent visit of a French cardinal, Monsignor Etchegaray, to the People's Republic marks an important step in the developing relationship between China and the Vatican. The visit, made at the suggestion of the Chinese and handled through the archbishopric of Marseilles, is without precedent in the last quarter-century. Cardinal Etchegaray met the three Chinese bishops (including the Bishop of Peking, Monsignor Fu Tieshan) who were consecrated after 1957 without the approval of Rome, and discussed with Chinese diplomats the delicate question of the activity of a Roman church in a Communist country. One of the obvious problems for the Vatican is the existence of an independent or "patriotic" Catholic Church in China while some of its own loyal priests and two bishops remain in various degrees of severe detention. There is also the circumstance that Taiwan has an ambassador to the Holy See, even though Rome keeps only a chargé-d'affaires at Taipei. Probably the most serious difficulty is the historic one of whether the ecclesiastical authority has the exclusive right to appoint bishops or whether those are to be chosen or at least approved by the secular authorities of the country they are assigned to.

Cairo

A Second Iran?

The United States is preparing to make Egypt its principal military partner among the Arab nations and will spend up to \$10 billion in the coming decade to do so, according to senior armed forces officials here. Washington had already decided to supply the Egyptian air force with \$1.5-billion worth of equipment when the Egyptian-Israeli peace treaty

was signed last spring. But a second arms agreement with Cairo, following the Soviet takeover of Afghanistan, amounts to considerably more. Egypt is now to receive forty F-16 fighter planes, and 250 M-60 tanks, plus other ground equipment, and will be able, with American financing, to assemble fixed-wing aircraft and helicopters as well. There is also a provision for modernizing some of the Soviet armored vehicles the Egyptians already have. More important, the United States has made known its agreement in principle to furnish the Egyptians with an even more advanced aircraft, the F-15 (costing \$25 million each), and this is expected to become a reality toward the middle of the decade. Some Egyptian officers are saying that America intends to make Egypt into a second Iran, with plans to supervise and finance Egypt's armaments industry, in trouble since other Arab countries stopped supporting it. Politically, these developments have had repercussions in both Israel and Saudi Arabia, whose governments fear that Egypt will become the chief military bastion for the United States in the Middle East.

Brussels

The War of the Lamb

A great dispute between France and England has been raging for months over—lamb; and although it may sound trivial, it has upset the whole European Economic Community. The dispute started when France, ever jealous of its own agricultural welfare, refused to allow British-grown lamb to be sold in French shops at the much lower prices British sheep-raisers can produce it for. The issue was taken to various EEC commissions here, but French President Giscard d'Estaing was adamant in his refusal. The EEC even tried official bribes to French sheep-raisers, but without success. The British minister of agriculture, referring to anti-French sentiment within the EEC, says that he has never seen "such a strong and emotional line-up against one member state."



"I'm finally making progress with my hard line—Brezhnev promised to get out of Afghanistan as soon as hell freezes over."

Taps

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

DEMOCRACY, one might say (or at least the vulgar modern notion of it), is the strange idea that the means justify the end; that the outcome doesn't matter, provided only that it was achieved by a "free and fair" vote. On this assumption, British newspapers have described the Rhodesian election as "a triumph for Britain," because it was conducted so skillfully by the British governor and a mere handful of British soldiers and policemen.

The London *Evening Standard*, which is a moderately conservative newspaper, described the result as "an overall British achievement that, whatever the next months and years may bring in Zimbabwe, deserves to be remembered with admiration and pride." *Whatever* the years may bring? This was indeed the general view. The purifying waters of an election absolved Britain from all further responsibility.

The Lancaster House negotiations which produced this election brought a similar chorus of praise from politicians and press alike.

In reality, despite all the cliff-hanging, there was never any likelihood, once Bishop Muzorewa had been induced (as one of the British negotiators privately said) "to sign his own death warrant," that the conference would fail. Mr. Mugabe played his hand cunningly: but it was clear he had much to gain and nothing to lose by agreeing to an election in which he would participate.

His overwhelming victory was not expected by the British government or, apparently, by the Foreign Office. The Conservatives, including Mrs. Thatcher, were a little glum when it was announced. The left-wingers were gleeful; their skepticism about the Muzorewa government had been justified and their vengeance against the defiant white Rhodesians was at last complete. Everyone, though, seemed to be prepared to accept the official line that the Foreign Secretary, Lord Carrington, had achieved something clever.

Only a very few right-wing Conserva-

tive Members of Parliament and one or two independent-minded newspaper columnists said grimly that what Lord Carrington had achieved was to let the Marxists into Rhodesia and within two hundred miles of the vital mineral resources of South Africa. Otherwise, complacency reigned. The liberal *Guardian* described Mr. Mugabe as "the Clem Attlee of southern Africa."

Almost no one expressed a sense of tragedy: and yet, by any standards, it was a tragic drama. The white Rhodesians have lost a cause for which they fought stubbornly and bravely. They have lost their country.

When I first visited Rhodesia twenty years ago, I thought it probable, even then, that the Rhodesians would make a break for independence. They had no choice if they wanted to preserve the simple, hard-working but prosperous, rather pre-war English way of life which (originally with the encouragement of the British government) they had established in the African bush. The Unilateral Declaration of Independence (UDI) seemed a worthwhile gamble. If it had not been for the Portuguese revolution, which no one was then predicting, Rhodesia could have survived indefinitely. Anyway, the Rhodesians did not believe that the West, their own flesh and blood, their own civilization, would fail to understand and sympathize.

But the West, more interested now in cultivating Black Africa, showed no sympathy at all. Eventually the Rhodesians, defeated not by sanctions or by the guerrillas but worn down by South Africa's refusal (largely under American pressure) to back them fully, accepted the Kissinger plan for a multi-racial government: and they were led to suppose that a Conservative administration in Britain, headed by Mrs. Thatcher, would support them.

Mrs. Thatcher's original instinct was to recognize Bishop Muzorewa's government: but she was persuaded to change her mind by Lord Carrington and other liberal Conservatives in her Cabinet; by the Foreign Office; by fear

that America would not follow suit; and by the Queen's personal anxiety to hold the multi-racial Commonwealth together. So the Rhodesian government was bullied and cajoled both into agreeing to a new election, in which its guerrilla enemies would be encouraged to participate, and into removing from the constitution those residual safeguards for the white population which had been worked out with the non-guerrilla black leaders.

This removal of safeguards was described by Mrs. Thatcher as "curing" the Rhodesian Constitution. Conservative Members of Parliament—who not long before had furiously attacked David Owen, the Labor Government's Foreign Secretary, and his traveling companion in Africa, Andrew Young, for wanting the Patriotic Front to participate in a Rhodesian election—obediently, indeed enthusiastically, followed Mrs. Thatcher as she swung around. Briefly the Union Jack flew again in Salisbury, and they were naïvely proud. Now it comes fluttering down again, but that was the real object of the exercise—to get Britain (and America) off the hook.

MR. MUGABE is making very moderate and reassuring noises, quite different from his bloodthirsty threats of only a few months ago. Perhaps he will prove a pragmatic African leader. Perhaps Zimbabwe will become a barrier to Soviet ambitions rather than a springboard for the assault on South Africa. Perhaps. But he is a socialist, whether or not congenial to Moscow, and the precedents are hardly encouraging. In too many other countries, from Vietnam to Mozambique, the "former people" were assured that all would be well and urged to stay . . .

A white woman interviewed in the streets of Salisbury positively danced with fury. "Don't you see what you've done, you bloody idiot?" she said to the television reporter. He represented, in that moment of despair, both the effete Britain which had betrayed Rhodesia and the Western media which had been so blindly hostile throughout the 14 years of UDI. Those years of endurance were now all in vain. Her friends who had died seemed to have died for nothing. The Rhodesia they had fought to save was being handed over to a barbaric enemy—while the world applauded. □



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THE SPIRITUAL force of democratic capitalism has hardly ever been articulated. Nearly all writers about the subject have been anti-capitalist. Most of those who *have* written in favor of democratic capitalism have been, alas, economists. Spirituality is not an economist's long suit, in public at least, unless he is a socialist. Socialist economists have solid reasons for turning as soon as possible from empirical discussions to spirituality, since socialism looks better in those empyrean realms than in the humble world of fact. Democratic capitalists, however, being fairly secure about material facts, might usefully explore the spiritual power of their own system. The prospect may surprise them.

Every social system depends upon a vision of the world and human life within it. After the bitter conflict of the religious wars, the nineteenth century proponents of democratic capitalism thought it wise to caution silence about metaphysics in order to concentrate upon the practical tasks in which people of various persuasions might fruitfully cooperate. They wished to leave spirituality to the poets, philosophers, and archbishops—and to the free choice of individuals. But such innovators, as much as any revolutionaries before or since, had an implicit spiritual vision of the world and the human beings in it.

About the world. Democratic capitalists believe that history is open, not closed; full of contingency and chance, yet accessible to practical intelligence, liberty, and empirical experiment. The world as it is given to human beings is a world characterized by what Jesuit theologian Bernard Lonergan has called "emergent probability." History and nature move, but neither by chance nor by necessity. The cosmos is riddled with possibilities for invention, intervention, novelty, and new creation. This metaphysical vision is quite different from that proposed by Hegel, Marx, and other visionaries of the necessary laws of history.

About human beings. Democratic capitalists believe them to be neither angels nor animals, neither saintly nor depraved. Every social system that hopes to survive in the real world necessarily embodies a theory of sin.

Socialist thinkers, propelled by a vision of equality and lack of alienation, imagine that the most powerful passion in the human breast is envy. They must be partly correct. Envy is forbidden by at least two commandments out of ten, so Jahweh took it seriously indeed. Leszek Kolakowski shows in his magisterial three-volume study of Marx that envy is so powerful a force that Marxism finds instant popularity through its fundamental doctrine: *Your poverty is the fault of others.*

By contrast, the "sin" which democratic capitalism diagnoses at the heart of every human being universally is not quite a sin, yet falls a little short of virtue, too: the drive of rational self-interest. In *The Protestant Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism*, Max Weber dismisses the "kindergarten notion" that capitalism is based on greed (Tawney, a socialist, called it acquisitiveness). Simple self-interest is morally superior to greed and acquisitiveness. But *rational* self-interest is up a notch higher yet. Creatures capable of rational self-interest may not be saints, but they are far from being totally depraved.

DEMOCRATIC capitalism desires a world full of saints and heroes. But it does not believe that a social system can be pitched that high without coercion, terror, and breakdown. It is, therefore, rather modest and prudent in its expectations of what most people will do most of the time. Should saints and heroes (and all of us some of the time) construe sanctity and heroism as being demanded by their own rational self-interest, that is marvelous yeast in the dough of human life, salt that gives life savor. The whole point of increasing "the wealth of nations" is to liberate such beauty.

Max Weber distinguished three types of social order. In *traditional* social orders, a single monistic social vision gives meaning to every person and act, and assigns everyone a place. Traditionally, such order is achieved through a single leader, institution, elite, or set of beliefs that imposes cosmic harmonious unity on all. Traditional societies are characteristically coercive.

When traditional societies break

down, they then often experience a *charismatic* order during a transition period, restoring through its charisma a new traditional order. Most revolutionaries—not least socialist revolutionaries—appeal to charisma on their way to imposing a traditional unitary order.

The third type of society is far more rare in history. Weber called it *rational-legal*. Its principal mark is differentiation. It is a wholly new type of order, so new that many observers (including Weber in some of his moods) do not see it as order at all. This new type of cosmic order, introduced by democratic capitalism, is not unitary. It is, at best, trinitarian. It separates church from state. It also separates the economy from the state. It holds to a vision of openness, experiment, and checks and balances. It permits—it commands—relative autonomy for the political, the economic, and the moral systems.

Many thinkers call the result "fragmentation." But there is nothing to prevent individuals from integrating within their own lives all three systems within which they live: economic, political, and moral. Such integration, however, is not handed them in advance or imposed upon them from above. They are bound to feel nostalgia for a more ordered cosmic vision of the traditional type. They are bound to feel the lonely terrors of liberty. If they did not, they would not be free.

Democratic capitalism holds that the first duty of compassion is to concede to each person the elementary dignity of selfhood: personal responsibility for choices. Many slogans of compassion voiced today—by Senator Edward M. Kennedy, e.g.—would have dignity supplanted by dependence on the state. Such views are quite traditional. "A government that cares" falls under the same paradigm as "a plantation-owner who cares." Both promise bread in exchange for dependency.

Most of the world little understands the spiritual power of liberty, never having experienced it. Yet if the Creator made each human being free, while placing each in a creation characterized by emergent probability, such liberties as are experienced under democratic capitalism do not seem alien to His intention. □

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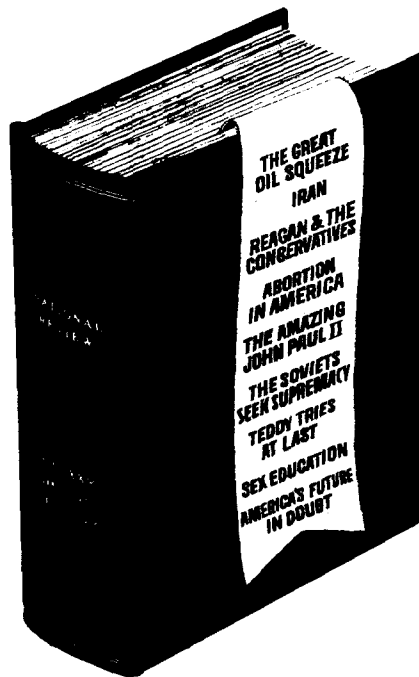
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The FTC Disposes

The Lawmakers

M. STANTON EVANS

QUESTION: What do federal judges and used-car salesmen have in common with the makers of Formica? Answer: All of them are hopping mad at the Federal Trade Commission.

The FTC, in fact, has a considerably larger negative constituency than this rhetorical query would suggest. Others who might be added to the list include cereal companies, funeral directors, the insurance industry, mail-order firms, engineering societies, and a host of U.S. representatives and senators. The last-named are a particular problem. Since they control the official purse strings, the agency is in a heap of trouble.

According to these critics, the FTC under Chairman Michael Pertschuk has developed a classic case of regulatory hubris. It is accused of trying to regulate anything and everything involved with American business, issuing orders that exceed its legislative mandate, seeking to expand its powers with claims to vague and sweeping jurisdiction. So deposing, both Houses of Congress have brought forth proposals for trimming the agency's sails, though they have yet to agree on which aspects of its performance are most objectionable.

Kid Vid Crackdown

It is not an easy decision. Recent activities of the FTC include efforts to crack down on advertising on children's television (popularly called "kid vid"); a proposed set of pricing-information rules for funeral directors; high-handed penalties against mail-order firms, imposed on the basis of questionable evidence; an attempt to overturn the voluntary-standards basis of quality assurance in U.S. industry; attacks on trademarks (Formica in particular); and varied assaults on agricultural co-ops, supermarkets, insurance companies, and other enterprises that happen to drift into the agency's sights.

On top of which, the FTC has excited protests because of its procedures. The *Wall Street Journal* lambastes the agency for wholesale subpoenaing of documents and resultant disclosure of confidential data, and for its practice of funding complaints by activist groups on the liberal-Left. Though it has no power to regulate the insurance industry (tightly regulated by the states), the FTC wants to investigate it. The federal courts have rebuked the agency for being at once indefinite and arbitrary—failings that are found in other regulatory bodies as well, but in which the FTC apparently excels.

"I am particularly concerned," says Representative John Ashbrook (R., Ohio), "with the conflict in interpretation being generated by the FTC in what appears to be an unconstitutional effort by that agency to 'legislate' by administrative proceeding."

In the "kid vid" case, the Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia noted that the agency, while suggesting during the hearing phase that TV ads for children might be banned, failed to specify a rule by which the propriety of such advertising could be assessed. Parties to the hearing were thus reduced to guessing what was expected of them. "... this guessing game is rendered more difficult," the court observed, "by the fact that the children's-advertising notice does not reveal what rule the commission proposes to promulgate."

In a case that involved vocational schools, the court found the FTC guilty of "procedural and substantive errors," including failure to abide by the law conferring its authority. The court said the FTC had used imprecise standards for determining whether an abuse had occurred, commanded remedies not rationally connected to specific goals, and treated violation of requirements aimed at preventing unfair practices as if they were the practices in question.

Concluding that enough is enough, lawmakers in both Houses have moved to adopt some legislative remedies. On the Senate side a series of steps has been taken to define the agency's powers and protect affected industries from FTC incursions. In S-1991, the senators would exempt children's TV advertising, the funeral industry, used-car sales, and the insurance business from the agency's ministrations. The Senate Committee explains that, on the record before it, "the FTC had taken actions beyond the intent of Congress."

Over on the House side, HR-2313 has similar objectives, but with a different emphasis. The House is particularly concerned with intervenor funding, noting charges "that funds have been awarded to groups that can afford to participate on their own and that some recipients have not provided sufficient justification of their claim to represent a particular interest." (Among the groups that have received such "public interest" funding are Americans for Democratic Action and parts of the Nader conglomerate.)

A Bit of a Muddle

Most to the point, the lower chamber adopted a so-called "one-House veto" provision, allowing either House of Congress to override a ruling of the FTC. It is at this juncture that things become a bit of a muddle. The Senate has taken a softer line, stipulating a "two-House veto" plus presidential signature—in effect, the necessity of passing a law to undo bureaucratic regulation. The differences between the chambers on this subject have stalled concerted action on the underlying problem.

At this writing, the matter is locked up in a conference committee, and there is thought to be little prospect of a meeting of the minds. This impedes the reformation of the FTC, but also puts it in further jeopardy. One consequence is that the agency has no authorizing legislation to keep it in business. It has been getting by in recent months on interim funding resolutions as the legislative squabbling continues. Should one of these resolutions happen to be defeated, we might actually witness the "sunsetting" of this major federal agency. A sobering thought, but one that I suppose we must somehow learn to live with. □

Books Arts & Manners

Against Sovereignty

JOSEPH SOBRAN

In his history of sixteenth century English literature, C. S. Lewis has four pages on the modern theory of sovereignty that everyone ought to be required to study. Though Lewis takes no explicit position, his mere exposition seems to lead to libertarian conclusions:

On this view, total freedom to make what law it pleases, superiority to law because it is the source of law, is the characteristic of every state; of democratic states no less than of monarchical. That doctrine has proved so popular that it now seems to many a mere tautology. We conceive with difficulty that it was ever new because we imagine with difficulty how political life can ever have gone on without it. We take it for granted that the highest power in the State, whether that power is a despot or a democratically elected assembly, will be wholly free to legislate and incessantly engaged in legislation.

Yes, of course, says the modern reader; you don't mean to tell me there's an alternative?

There is; and, put roughly, it's the concept of the state as merely administering a justice it can neither invent nor alter. The ideal of the rule of law implies a body of few laws, seldom changed, reflecting the permanence of a superior order and for that reason commanding reverence even as it guarantees social peace.

Libertarians are easy to mock, when they are not simply boring. They tend to be full of schemes (selling light-houses) and bravado (the American and Soviet governments are morally indistinguishable). Many of them these days are affecting leftist poses, taking hard-line counterculture positions on sex, the

draft, drugs, big business, you name it. Free enterprise nearly gets lost in the marijuana haze.

Still, the fact remains that it's the libertarians who are raising a lot of the ancient, vital, and neglected questions about the nature and scope of the state. If only so many of them didn't fall into the trap of thinking libertarian politics somehow requires libertine morals. I have never understood why the position that my neighbor's morals are none of the state's business is thought to imply that they are none of *my* business. How about a libertarianism for people who take morality seriously? one that, say, C. S. Lewis could have lived with?

The Politicization of Society offers no program, but it's a splendid start. Like most anthologies, it is uneven. But more than half its 15 contributions are excellent, even memorable. Instead of calling for the instant dismantling of the state, it provides a kind of liberal

The Politicization of Society
Edited by Kenneth S. Templeton Jr.
Liberty Press, 541 pp., \$10

education in libertarianism, with each contributor holding the modern state up to the light from his own angle. Taken together, they liberate the reader from ordinary habits of thinking about politics, and above all from the assumption that the state can be, in itself, a source of authority.

"In working, living, and believing," writes R. M. Hartwell in his introduction, "the state is now arbiter." It has replaced not only the market, but even the family and the church in the realms of education and behavior. Not only is it bigger; it is the object of such investments of hope, power, and deference that Hartwell can conclude: "Politics is now religion."

Correcting Aristotle and the generations who have followed him, Felix Morley finely distinguishes between state and society as "separate forms of human organization." The notion that the state is *inclusive* of all other social orders, he argues, has enabled it to swallow most of them up; false analogies between social and state actions are used to justify state sovereignty over private associations. Thus social exclusion by race, for instance, has been equated with actual persecution, allowing the state to claim the right to make the most minute prescriptions for the operation of social institutions.

Robert Nisbet, in a selection from *The Twilight of Authority*, suggests a positive correlation between individualism and despotism. By championing the individual against all other institutions, he argues, the state has undermined rival centers of authority that might have put a brake on its ambitions. This is,



N. E. Condini is a freelance writer residing in New Jersey. . . . Donald Hall, poet and critic, is the author of many books, the most recent of which are *Remembering Poets* and *Kicking the Leaves*. . . . Alan L. Miller has contributed to a number of magazines, including *The New Republic*, *The American Spectator*, and *NATIONAL REVIEW*. . . . William Murchison is editorial-page editor of the *Dallas Morning News*.

RANDOM NOTES

■ MORE APRIL TITLES: *The Church—Maintained in Truth: A Theological Meditation* (Seabury, \$6.95) is the treatise by Hans Küng which caused the Vatican last year to censure its author. Translated by Edward Quinn. . . . The fifth, and last, volume of Anne Morrow Lindbergh's chronicle—*War Within and Without: Diaries and Letters, 1939-44* (Harcourt Brace, \$14.95)—covers the years in which Charles Lindbergh separated himself from the foreign policy of FDR and joined up with the America First committee. . . . William Proxmire's *The Fleecing of America* (Houghton Mifflin, \$10.95) may or may not be part of an ambitious study intended to explain why taxpayers grind their teeth.

■ SOME MAY TITLES: Aleksandr I. Solzhenitsyn's *The Oak and the Calf: Memoirs of a Literary Life* (Harper & Row,

\$15.95) is the author's account of his struggles, not with prison, but with literary guards. A superb book, with some of the humor of his compatriot and fellow writer Vladimir Voinovich. Translated by Harry Willetts. . . . *The Days Grow Short: The Life and Music of Kurt Weill* (Holt, Rinehart, \$16.95), by Ronald Sanders, is an interesting study of the composer of *Mahagonny*, collaborator of Bertolt Brecht, husband of Lotte Lenya.

Osborne Elliott, who served as editor of *Newsweek* from 1961 to 1976, has written an account of his years at the magazine in *The World of Oz: Press, Politics, People: An Insider's Report* (Viking, \$15.95).

Richard J. Barnet, a member of the Institute for Policy Studies, wants you to know, as he argues in *The Lean Years: Politics in the Age of Scarcity* (Simon & Schuster, \$12.95), that a multinational elite is despoiling the earth of its water, its energy, its food, its minerals and other resources. Soon to be a major motion picture? —CW

I think, a brilliant and suggestive argument; but I would specify that the "individual" beloved of those curious modern liberals who want to expand what they call civil liberties while centralizing political power is only the individual *qua* anti-social being, the individual in revolt, and that they defend him precisely for the purpose of weakening the *community-forming* individual. To the extent that they prevail, this individual of theirs will be the perfect subject for their state, alone, denuded of any social support against those who rule him.

Jacques Ellul calls attention to the excessive spiritual investment modern man has made in politics, expecting from the state a kind of justice it simply can't provide. By way of illustration, he acknowledges that Hitler, in one sense, got what he deserved; but Stalin didn't. What if Hitler had won? In that case we would have known little about Hitler's crimes, but we would have known all about Stalin's: every coffee-table would have books full of photographs from the Soviet camps. Intellectual respectability would then attach to racist socialism, while egalitarian socialism would be forever disgraced by its association with the Soviet butchers. Hitler's successors would in due course have been pronounced moderate and reasonable by our Cyrus Vances, and

philosophers and theologians would have fashioned their theoretical rapprochements. Of course we would all deplore Hitler's (rumored) excesses, but what a relief he, and not that devil Stalin, had won the war! Think what might have happened to civilization as we know it!

Giovanni Sartori's discussion of liberty and law, stressing "the fearful inflation of laws," reads like an expansion of those insights of Lewis's I quoted earlier. In contrast to Nisbet, who takes a very dim view of Rousseau, Sartori puts him on the side of the angels, pointing out that the General Will was conceived, in good Lockean fashion, as restraining, not stimulating, the state: "Rousseau's aim was to free man from his bonds by inventing a system that would obstruct and curb legislation."

In an essay also included in William Buckley's collection *Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?* Michael Oakeshott analyzes the modern rise of individualism and, with it, of the modern individual's envious shadow, the mass-man. Cut off from old communal ties and thrown on his own resources, the mass-man—the "individual *manque*"—deeply resents the excellence of the sufficient modern man. It's a secularized Cain-and-Abel story. Lacking an inner strength of his own, the mass-man "can

have no friends (because friendship is a relation between individuals), but he has comrades." In political combination with those comrades he acts to eliminate true individuality by political means. Rationalizations of envy like Marxism authorize him in this pursuit; but Oakeshott doubts that he can ever fully succeed.

Herbert Butterfield raises ethical and epistemological questions arising from the writing of "official history." He proposes that authorized historians come clean about their status, their access, and even such minutiae as whether they work with original documents or photostats. The inclusion of this very specialized but fascinating essay is an artful touch; it has little to do directly with politics, but it does (for that very reason) startle one into the realization of how the state, by controlling access to facts, can shape the consciousness of its subjects and even of posterity.

Other contributors include Murray Rothbard, John Lukacs, and F. A. Hayek. The book is big, handsomely printed, sturdy, and reasonably priced. Its contents help you imagine how political life could and did go on without the doctrine of sovereignty. Can it happen here? □

Chicago Tribune

By Lloyd Wendt

Rand McNally, 861 pp., \$17.50

The Colonel of Chicago

By Joseph Gies

Dutton, 261 pp., \$12.95

MAN OV THE PEPOL

WILLIAM MURCHISON

Harold L. Ickes called it "the rottenest newspaper in the whole United States." Harry Truman was marginally more charitable to the journal whose celebrated headline DEWEY DEFEATS TRUMAN made his 1948 victory all the sweeter. As Truman saw it, the *Chicago Tribune* was merely one of two equally deplorable papers, the other being the *Dallas Morning News*.

The days when politicians and rival journalists could work up a furious lather over the *Tribune's* iniquities are

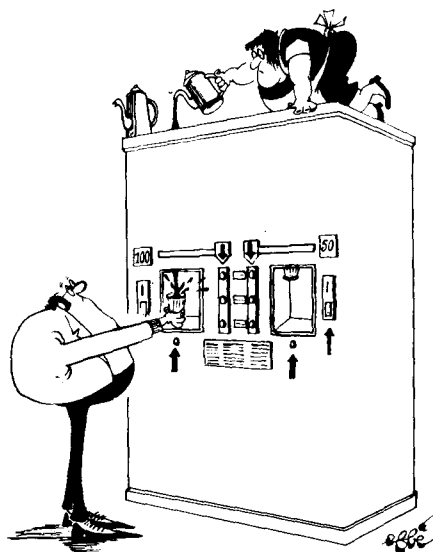
long gone, as are so many of the *Trib's* hallmarks—the experimental spellings, the front-page cartoon, even the genial boast, “The World’s Greatest Newspaper.” The modern *Trib* calls itself an “open-minded conservative” paper, and Establishment journalists confer prizes on it; which is nice, no doubt. But how much more fun were the days when the unreformed, unregenerate *Chicago Tribune* was closed-mindedly conservative, hotly hated, awesomely professional, and supremely successful.

The *Tribune* scarcely acquired its public image by accident, as these two books, each notable in its own way, forcefully remind us. For most of its 130-plus years, the *Trib* was the reflection of two remarkable men—personal journalists in the fullest and most complimentary sense of the term. The first was Joseph Meharry Medill, the second his grandson, Robert Rutherford McCormick. It is not enough to say that they ran the *Tribune*. They were the *Tribune*. The paper took on the shadings, the colorations, of their altogether picturesque personalities.

MEDILL was a lawyer who bought into the eight-year-old *Tribune* in 1855. A founder of the Republican Party, he helped Abraham Lincoln to secure the presidential nomination and zealously supported him throughout the war.

Along with Chicago, the *Tribune* grew and flourished, always ahead of its rivals in energy and creativity, as in circulation. Medill started a home service department, offering advice on house-keeping and women’s fashions. The *Tribune* pioneered in color printing and discovered a way to adapt half-tone engravings to the rotary press. More eccentric was Medill’s campaign to simplify English spellings, as in the following grotesquery: “Learning tu spel and red the Inglish langwaj iz the grat elementary task ov the pupol.” In the 1930s, McCormick would start a campaign of his own. “Freight,” in the *Tribune*, became “frate”; “hearse” became “herse”; and “through,” “thru.”

The *Tribune’s* confidence in itself, and in its mission as voice of Chicago and the Midwest, never quite toppled over into self-righteousness. But its sense of superiority could be maddening. It became all the more so after 1914, when McCormick, in association with his cousin Joseph Patterson, took the



helm. The Colonel (the title was genuine: McCormick was a brave and skillful artillery officer under Pershing) was an immodest man with much to be immodest about. He was tall, well-traveled, British-schooled, intelligent, inventive, far-seeing. What was more, he commanded perhaps the most influential newspaper west of New York. (Patterson, a newspaper prodigy of another sort, would go east in 1919 to found the *New York Daily News*.)

The *Tribune* had always been a famous newspaper, but under McCormick it became a notorious one—principally because of the Colonel’s horror at Franklin Roosevelt’s policies, both foreign and domestic. McCormick, who had been at Groton with FDR, broke with him early. “THROW THE RASCALS OUT,” the *Tribune* cried. One day in 1936, there began, on the editorial page, an ominous countdown: “Only 231 days left to save your country. What are you going to do about it?”

McCormick was an advocacy journalist to end advocacy journalists (although of course he didn’t end them at all, as the Sixties and Seventies abundantly proved). Not just the editorial page but the whole newspaper breathed fire at Roosevelt’s trespasses and those of his cohorts. Daily the New Deal “commissars” were scourged. No Tom Wicker or Jimmy Breslin ever wrote of Richard Nixon in quite the corrosive tones that the *Tribune’s* Walter Trohan poured out upon Harry Hopkins: “A lean, gangly figure with thinning brown hair and dandruff made his way with his face twisted by a sardonic grin

through an ill-assorted group of representatives, crackpots, senators, bums, governors, job-seekers, political leaders, and toadies . . . In the person of Harry Lloyd Hopkins, son of an Iowa harness-maker, Santa Claus had come to town. He emptied his hands of other people’s money.”

The *Trib* could not believe that 500,000 Chicagoans, the official estimate, had turned out to greet Roosevelt. Clearly union bosses had collared them and compelled attendance. A *Tribune* photograph showed a street-sweeper cleaning up discarded Roosevelt buttons; but alas!—the *Chicago Times* got hold of the sweeper, who claimed the *Tribune* man had strewn the buttons and paid him 25 cents to pose.

In fine, the *Tribune* occasionally displayed as much cheek as it did courage. But courage there was, and in plenty. As World War II raged in Europe, Colonel McCormick noted in dismay how the Roosevelt Administration kept inching toward involvement. McCormick might oppose Hitler, but he firmly believed America’s place was at home, minding its own business. No occasion was lost to remind the *Trib’s* multitudinous readers (about a million in the late Thirties and early Forties) of this verity. For this principled stand, the Colonel and his newspaper were castigated from pulpit and platform. “Fascist” was among the kinder things they were called. One interventionist group promoted a boycott of the paper.

MCCORMICK, nevertheless, stuck to his guns, his reporters’ stories defiantly accusing a coalition of “Communists [and] fighters of the marshmallow set” of ganging up on the *Tribune*. When war came at last, the *Trib* became as hawkish as it had been dovish. It was a matter of changed circumstances, not of altered viewpoints.

The *Tribune* remained McCormick’s personal organ until his death in 1955. Nor did its thunderous chords die away for another decade and a half. Yet so it goes with personal journalism: take away the person, and the journal must ultimately change.

A new management team toned down the *Tribune’s* partisanship, signed on the likes of Mary McGrory and Nicholas von Hoffman as contributing columnists, and in 1974 went so far as to demand the resignation of a Republican

President whom it called "immoral" and "devious." It was as if a black-sheep uncle had taken to playing checkers and teaching Sunday school.

To tell a story like the *Tribune's* requires no small measure of un-*Tribune*-like objectivity. Never fear; both books are meticulously fair. Wendt, a noted chronicler of Chicago history, was a *Tribune* staffer in the Colonel's day and knows the paper intimately; unfortunately, he has written a good two hundred pages too many. For the essence of the *Tribune* style and worldview, Gies is better, besides being briefer, wittier, and more engaging all round. An avowed "old Left-liberal Democrat," Gies nevertheless finds much to like and admire about Colonel McCormick and his newspaper. Not that this is so stupefying an achievement as it might seem. How many would not, in this day and age, take the Colonel and his ruddy, robust patriotism over all the carping mediocrats in creation? □

On a Clear Day You Can See

General Motors

By J. Patrick Wright

Wright/Caroline House, 237 pp.,
\$12.95

THE FOURTEENTH FLOOR

ALAN L. MILLER

Seven years ago John Zachary DeLorean was something of a corporate boy-wonder. Aged 48, the dashing director of General Motors Car and Truck Group oversaw a combined operation of seven divisions, whose collective sales exceeded \$25 billion per year. The most conspicuously consuming of young executives, DeLorean possessed organizational acumen, an unerring sense of marketing, and a panache suggesting that his yearly salary of \$650,000-plus was but a rung on the ladder leading to the eventual presidency of the automotive giant.

Then—as inevitable as his 17-year rise through the ranks—came his sudden disappearance. News releases at the time of his resignation spoke of his taking on the administration of the National

Association of Businessmen and a lucrative Cadillac dealership in Florida. Rumors hinted at a more ambitious plan: that DeLorean intended to form his own automobile company in order to build an "ethical sports car." To some, these rumors of the wayward son returning to compete with his former employer seemed as outrageous as his expansive lifestyle. Meanwhile, the question of whether or not his fledgling Irish-based company, boasting the sleek aluminum DMC-12, will ever come to haunt GM seems of little consequence. For the time being, this unauthorized account of DeLorean's disenchantment with the corporate juggernaut will give GM plenty to worry about.

THE BOOK began as a collaborative effort, with former *Business Week* automotive analyst J. Patrick Wright, to expose the managerial superstructure of a corporation jealously protective of its operational anonymity. The resulting portrait is one of a company willing to sacrifice the expertise of operations-wise executives to the bottom-line mentality of financial drones who are leading it steadily into decline. Of such material are lawsuits fashioned. Which is precisely why DeLorean suddenly had second thoughts when, five years ago, the book was originally scheduled for release. Not wanting to risk litigation, DeLorean decided to scuttle the project and compensate Wright for his trouble. However, Wright opted to continue, moving to a smaller publisher.

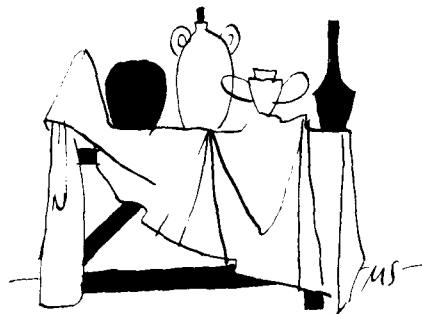
It remains to be seen what impact the book will have. It is a stinging indictment of an industrial behemoth which, Wright says, remains solvent only thanks to its bloated business volume, and despite operational blunders that make Chrysler appear prudent by comparison. Allowing for the fury quotient of a sizable ego scorned, if even half of what DeLorean recounts is val-

id, the erosion of the American automotive market appears inevitable, a result of the complacent failure to face the implications of the Arab embargo.

The chapter on GM's fabled Fourteenth Floor and the corporate brain trust is a devastating portrait of mindless executive sycophancy and regimentation. The uniformity—from the office furnishings to appropriately clothed inhabitants—is suggestive of a degree of monotony and inertia that means it may take quite a while to notice serious duplications of effort. Witness a major staff meeting commanding the attendance of \$10-million worth of executive talent in order to ponder a minor personnel matter. The chairman suddenly snaps that he is not going to make a decision until a task force has spent several months studying the issue. He begins to appoint the task force; when he has finished there is an embarrassed silence, until someone reluctantly offers, "Dick, this presentation is the result of the task force you appointed some time ago. Most of the people you just appointed to the new task force are on the old one." The reply goes unrecorded. Meanwhile, anecdotes abound of meetings during which senior executives use darkened rooms and slide presentations to sneak a nap. Considering the circularity of paperwork—which requires division chiefs to write lengthy reports and then serve as captive audiences while their own reports are read aloud at staff meetings—the occasional catnap seems an appropriate response.

The humor in these pages is strictly ironic. DeLorean's message is grimly serious as he scores GM's inflexible insistence upon not rocking the boat. Specifically, he cites the Corvair tragedy, which could have been avoided had the Fourteenth Floor heeded the advice of line engineers to delay production pending structural modification. Unfortunately, dissent was equated with disloyalty, and the corporation paid a far greater price for precipitate production than merely the nuisance-value of Ralph Nader.

These are strong charges, and, lest DeLorean be dismissed as a bitter casualty of the Peter Principle, it is well to recall that he was elevated to the Fourteenth Floor after a display of executive brilliance that succeeded in reviving the slumping Pontiac and Chevrolet divisions. That he was unable to adapt



his free-wheeling style to the scheme of Fourteenth Floor expectations is freely admitted. Yet, somehow, this seems to say far more about General Motors than John Z. DeLorean. □

Giving Good Weight

By John McPhee

Farrar, 261 pp., \$9.95

MUSIC OF DETAIL

DONALD HALL

Americans collect things of the world, as if by storing and cataloguing factual objects or objective facts we could wall ourselves off from mutability. If we become bored with matchbook covers, if we create a scarcity of obscure beer cans, the Franklin Mint obligingly fabricates the pseudo-objects known as collectibles. John McPhee collects facts like the most acquisitive among us, and displays them to gorgeous advantage in volumes of elegant prose. *Giving Good Weight* is his 14th book in 14 years; it assembles five essays from *The New Yorker*, where the house phrase for the genre is "fact-pieces." At his least, McPhee is fastidious in displaying his collection; at his most, a moral intelligence adds instruction to elegance.

The article which gives this book its title reports on the subsidized farmers' markets of New York City and the truck farms which supply them. McPhee the reporter worked on the farms and sold produce in the markets. Telling his tale, he moves rhythmically from city to country, from growing to selling, making by his prose sentences a literary object as resolved as a sonnet. Or he moves scene and image the way a composer moves the melody, giving us what we long for in a manner that surprises while it satisfies. Naming the objects of this world—pastorals of city blocks, manufactories of carrots—he displays continual affection for the things and people named: for cabbages "in full original leaf, untrimmed, each one so broad and beautiful it appears to be a carnation from the lapel of the Jolly Green Giant"; for "Slade's beans, Hodgson's onions, Van Houten's lettuce"; and for Slade, Hodgson, and Van Houten. Affection wells up in description, in quotation, in narration. The effect is

as busy, rich, and worldly—to complete a troika of analogies—as a painting by Breughel.

McPhee's readers will find old subjects newly explored. "The Atlantic Generating Station" shows again McPhee's ability to deal with scientific material, to make research readable. "The Keel of Lake Dickey" is a beautiful account of canoeing down the St. John River in Maine, another McPhee excursion into wilderness and white water, which expresses continual, reasonable concern over the project to dam the river for a hydroelectric plant. The essay's form improvises among the natural world, the small particular company invading it, and ideas occasioned by confronting the human with the wild.

Least of these essays is "The Pinball Philosophy," which recounts a shoot-out

And while I complain—in order to convince you that my praise is true—let me add that when McPhee mocks pinball greatness, he mocks his own habits of *knowingness*. His recitation of detail at times resembles the expertise of James Bond or the authors of a nonbook called *The Best*. Pinball machines are Bally, Williams, Playmatic, . . . etc. Sometimes McPhee sounds as bad as a winetaster, or folks who display erudition about automobiles or Japanese swords.

There is, I suppose, a good deal of this sort of thing in the book's final piece, McPhee's wonderful celebration of Chef Otto in "Brigade de Cuisine." It does not matter. The connoisseurship is Otto's, and his arrogance is so eccentric and private that we love him for it. McPhee's characterization of this complex, conceited, energetic, intelligent,



between "two players whose special skills within the sport are so multiple and varied that they defy comparative analysis." Since the sport is pinball—not basketball played by a senator-to-be—McPhee's prose enters the mock-heroic, a "Rape of the Lock" with flippers and chrome balls. But there is something tiresome about this enlargement, as McPhee blows trumpets for "J. Anthony Lukas . . . world-class pinball player" and the "other star . . . Tom Buckley of the *Times*." There is a whimsy in this enlargement which reminds me of the arch notes which friends write about friends in an alumni bulletin: "Old Dutch Schultz and his better half Margie have recently erected a new mansion on their vast suburban estate . . ." We know they have bought a pre-tab screenhouse.

bullying, and delightful man makes some of his best work. When the *New York Times* broke through *The New Yorker's* anonymity and discovered Otto's identity—and reported (with its own knowingness) that Otto was not a talented chef—the *Times'* opinion even if correct did nothing to invalidate McPhee's writing.

For "Brigade de Cuisine" exists as literature independent of the accuracy or inaccuracy of McPhee's palate. It creates the character, heroic without mockery, of an egoist who fills his days with loved work. McPhee's prose assembles a context of kitchen and marriage, past life and ongoing present; Otto becomes a model of independent life, a moral example, in McPhee's telling, of someone creating and upholding individual standards with fierce and

joyous devotion. Like any moral example, this one needs its obverse for clarity's sake. In a brief anecdote, McPhee visits a food factory where Gourmet Treats are assembled like Hostess Twinkies for suburban restaurants.

Down the center of the room ran a broad conveyor belt on which completed products—chicken breasts *cordon bleu*, shrimp-lobster-and-crabmeat Newburg—moved slowly toward, and ultimately disappeared within, a horizontal stainless-steel cylinder that was aswirl in cold fog and resembled an Atlas missile. This was Cryotransfer 36 II. In the course of a day, it takes in some five to ten thousand appetizers and entrées, sprays them with liquid nitrogen at 320° below zero, and, seven minutes later, emits from its far end food so frozen it could scratch granite.

Against this vision McPhee establishes his Otto by deploying detail not only with charm and skill but with a tender passion. □

The Top of the Hill

By Irwin Shaw

Delacorte, 346 pp., \$9.95

MADE IN HOLLYWOOD

N. E. CONDINI

Known mainly for historical novels and war chronicles, Irwin Shaw, in *The Top of the Hill*, tries his hand at a new psychological fad, probing the relationship between high-risk sports and the fear of death. This universal theme is given a peculiarly American coloring, presented as it is through the persona of Michael Storrs, an exalted escape-artist who of course must win in the end. (The American hero is always triumphant.) In fact, Shaw was aiming for another best-seller, and he has skillfully interwoven the main ingredient—action—with the American fascination for rugged assertion of the individual, much as Hailey has done with our attraction to disaster, or Haley with our longing for roots.

The Top of the Hill seemed destined to follow its counterparts into television: the idea inevitably planted itself in my mind before I had even finished reading the opening chapter. Here are the stock characters: handsome, rich

Michael Storrs, brilliant, successful, but with strong suicidal tendencies; gorgeous, talented Tracy Storrs, successful in her own right, but unable through her love to cure Michael's obsession; beautiful, cultured Eva Heggner, coldly sensual and ferocious as a cat, who drags our willing hero into a loveless affair; dying, philosophical Andreas Heggner, more alive than any of the others.

The setting pits the soul-devouring city against the spirit-restoring country, contrasting an airless, foggy New York with the brilliant white snows of Vermont: Evil v. Good, seen in classic, puritanical black and white. (New England, by the way, has apparently become the American symbol of purity. Several of our writers—Malamud and Roth, for instance—have recently used the north-country setting in this way.)

Michael's semi-conscious spiritual quest shapes the plot of the novel along the lines of a Byronic parody. Not surprisingly, the Romantic urge for unity of self, the marriage of reason and imagination giving birth to cosmic consciousness, has been exploited by Shaw fairly successfully. The author manages to sustain an undercurrent of suspense throughout the book—no mean achievement—and he has an eye for the visual scene, and a striking ability to convey the complex emotions engendered by physical danger. The hang-gliding scenes and the descriptions of downhill skiing are the most sensitively drawn of the book:

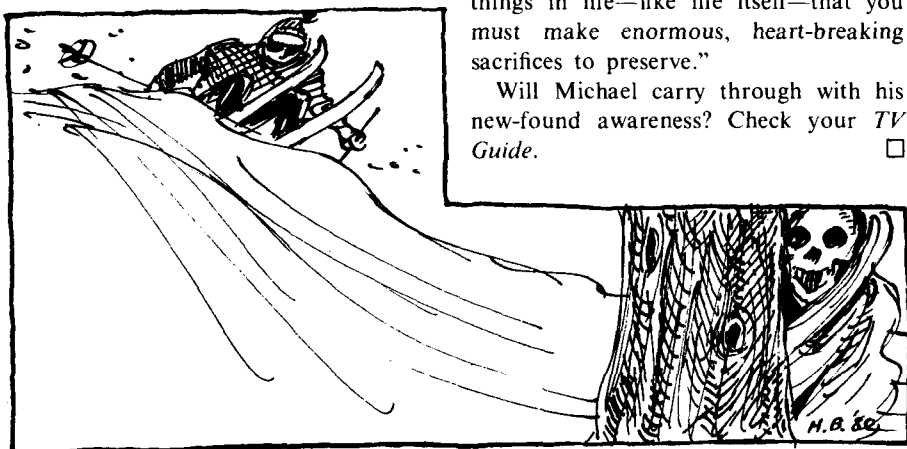
At 7,500 feet, McCain gave him the signal and he went out. There was the great feeling first of immense unguided abandonment to gravity, then of soaring exaltation as he hurtled through space, planing,

swerving, supported by the rushing air, purposeful as a bird. His hand was on the ripcord handle and he didn't bother to look at the altimeter on his wrist and the stand of pines was getting closer and closer, now seeming to be rushing up at him, dark in the windy morning sunlight. It was with regret that he pulled and felt the jerk as the parachute opened above him and he pulled at the toggles to keep away from the stand of pines. He landed hard, with the wind throwing him over at the last moment, not twenty yards from the edge of the woods. He snapped out of the parachute harness and stood up, breathing deeply, sorry it was over, his mind and spirit drowned, overwhelmed, full only of flight.

Shaw's characters just escape flatness by carefully measured injections of ambiguity as to their motives. We can follow Michael's exaltation and melancholy, suicidal impulses and attempts at self-preservation, determination and memory lapses, but we follow passively, without the active suspension of disbelief that a successful work of art engenders.

The impression of watching a TV movie grows as we proceed, and an obvious attempt at subtlety does nothing to alleviate the suspicion of having been manipulated. Shaw tries, through the characterization of Andreas, to obtain our active participation. It is Andreas who says: "Everyone to his own destructive necessary passions. . . Yours, mine, Eva's, your wife's. We live by them, we die by them. We are understood by them. When we believe we are shouting, we are screaming soundlessly, as we do in dreams." Andreas, finally, becomes Michael's guru. Through an overtly ironic twist, Andreas, whose physical life Michael has saved, activates the life impulse in Michael through the following remark: "There are some things in life—like life itself—that you must make enormous, heart-breaking sacrifices to preserve."

Will Michael carry through with his new-found awareness? Check your TV Guide. □



Dictionary Johnson

By James L. Clifford

McGraw-Hill, 392 pp., \$17.95

BIOGRAPHY AND CONTROVERSY

JEFFREY HART

For the past twenty years, a lot of controversy has swirled around the politics, broadly construed, of Samuel Johnson. This arose originally out of a salutary effort to separate Johnson as man and writer from the nineteenth century caricature offered by Macaulay. It sprang from brilliant corrective essays by Eliot and Leavis. Under academic auspices, however, it has been carried much too far. I will return to this issue in a moment. But first, the important book before us.

The late James L. Clifford's second volume of Johnson biography is a peculiar one in several respects.

James Boswell, it will be recalled, did not meet Johnson until May 16, 1763, when Johnson was 53, a famous writer, and enjoying a pension from George III. Collecting anecdotes from Johnson's earlier years, and deploying them with skill, Boswell managed pretty well to cover up his lack of first-hand knowledge.

First in *Young Sam Johnson* (1955) and now in *Dictionary Johnson*, Clifford seeks to fill in hitherto unknown details of Johnson's pre-Boswell years. *Dictionary Johnson* carries Johnson from 1749 (*Irene, The Vanity of Human Wishes*) through 1763 and the meeting with Boswell.

JAMES L. CLIFFORD, long a professor at Columbia, was an indefatigable researcher, his love for Johnson unlimited, and in *Young Sam Johnson* he succeeded in turning up a great deal of new and sometimes valuable information. About this next volume one is bound to feel ambivalent. It is not too much to say that Clifford worshipped Johnson—and surely one could find far less worthy idols. From the perspective of worship, any new information, no matter how trivial or even supposititious, is a pearl without price, like an authenticated piece of the True Cross.

Yet from a more mundane perspec-

tive, which focuses on Johnson as a thinker and writer, and even from a perspective which values Johnson as an exemplary figure, much of the painstaking research here must be said to have issued in trivia. However, even that is, in a sense, valuable. After this prodigious effort, the bottom of the barrel scraped shiny, we may conclude that there is little more to be discovered about the years 1749-63 of Johnson's life.

Indeed, Clifford's passion to peer through the mists issues in a pervasive rhetoric that signals the limits of knowledge: "More important, what work of Charlotte Lennox was really being celebrated? And exactly when did the celebration occur?" "Unfortunately for a biographer, the winter months of 1750 which followed are a blank period." "For Johnson the conclusion of the project must have brought mixed emotions." "But when he seriously considered remarrying there must always have been the disturbing thought that he might drive a second wife to drink and drugs, as he may have done his first wife." "Possibly they all talked it over in a friendly manner . . ." "It must be admitted that this is largely speculation." "One may suspect that during the autumn of 1756 . . ." "Johnson may this summer even have been seriously thinking of moving to Oxford . . ." "There is very scanty information about Johnson's temporary stay in Gray's Inn." "It is likely that he had other visitors as well." "If it was Wedderburn who astutely saw the possible value of such an award . . ." "There is no trustworthy evidence as to what happened during the Reynolds family gathering . . ."

If the numerous lacunae could possibly have been filled in, Clifford would have done so. We have reached the limits of research.

Now, about that "political" controversy that has sprung up during the last twenty years. A number of scholars have insinuated or claimed outright that Samuel Johnson, transposed into the twentieth century, would be a liberal. Walter Jackson Bate made the claim in his own recent biography of Johnson, and Clifford insinuates it under cover of "relevance."

In his published works, especially his little-known journalism of the 1750s, his attitude is refreshingly relevant for twentieth century readers. We find him wrestling

with such problems as the treatment of blacks, the dangers of colonial expansion, and the evils of war. In clear, forceful terms he expresses his moral judgment on international affairs, corruption in high places, and the threat of big business . . . During the recent Watergate scandal . . .

This line of argument—really, with Clifford a line of recommendation: he wants every last reader for Johnson—is largely ridiculous, a kind of intellectual bathos. *Question:* Would Nietzsche have voted for Adlai Stevenson? *Answer:* That has not been determined, but his mistress would have bought her clothes at Bergdorf Goodman.

Johnson detested the slave trade and colonial (read Whig) expansion, was concerned about the poor, and believed blacks to be human.

HE ALSO believed in original sin and the afterlife, was a devout member of the Church of England and disliked religious dissent, defended social hierarchy, detested the innovative theories of Voltaire and Rousseau, held to a strict sexual morality, doubted (as Joseph Wood Krutch noted of *Rasselas*) the possibility of ameliorating the human condition, moved from an earlier Jacobinism to his later support for George III, resisted innovation in literature, morals, and government, and consistently found himself at odds with the liberalizing and "progressive" thinkers and forces of his time. Johnson was hostile to Hume's skepticism and to Wilkes's reformism. Unlike the liberals of his time, he opposed the American cause. On May 1, 1760, he found himself at a gathering which included Benjamin Franklin. Clifford's own supposition gives the game away: "Perhaps they also had brief arguments on the side; they certainly would not have agreed on many topics." QED.

It is only in the largest sense that Johnson is "relevant" to our current events, relevant, indeed, as Shakespeare is relevant: in his qualities of mind, in his force of being, in the assumptions he held which have stood the test of experience, and, where Johnson is concerned, relevant in the demonstration he made in his life—and this is the real "plot" of Boswell's *Life*—of enormous personal difficulties overcome.

Also, it has now been established that Tetty would not have bought her clothes at Bergdorf's. □

MUSIC

THE CURIOUS CASE OF MISS ROSALYN TURECK

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

I seem to have been aware of Rosalyn Tureck all my life—just as, down in the Delta country, looking up from the fields and across the levee, and seeing the smokestacks of steamships gliding past the trees, one is aware that there's a mighty river over yonder. But now the analogy collapses, for the relation between The River and the people of the Delta is totally different from the relation between Miss Tureck and the world of music. In the Delta, The River dictates the conditions of your life and sometimes of your death; the relation is enforced, intimate, total. In music you can enjoy a satisfactory career as listener, performer, teacher, or composer without ever having to "deal with" Miss Tureck, unless you possess a certain special taste for Sebastian Bach, a taste further specialized and limited to those works of Bach that can be played on a grand piano. It's a safe bet that Miss Tureck has spent 95 per cent of her career on piano-Bach; her recordings are legion; she is An Authority.

Now there are several things to say about being An Authority on the performance of piano-Bach. The first is of course that piano-Bach authorities, like economists and theologians, are a quarrelsome lot. No two agree on very much; one gathers that there is no such thing as a received truth, no body of knowledge transmitted from the fountainhead. Yes, there is a traditional way of playing Bach—a French tradition, a north German tradition, a Viennese tradition, a Swiss tradition, an American tradition. The Swiss organist Lionel Rogg once told me, "When I play Bach in Switzerland I am accused of being too strict, when I play him in Germany they say I am too free." Is there no expertise to which one may repair? I say no.

Second, what little we know about performance standards in Bach's own time hardly points in the direction of straitjacketed criteria. Bach made almost no indication on his thousands of

scores as to how fast or how loud the music should be played. A great deal of his music exists in a weirdly disembodied state, for there is no certainty what instruments it was written for. He doesn't seem to have cared. From a few hints—a partially noted organ registration, a few earwitness accounts—we can surmise that Bach himself favored lively tempi and brilliant sounds; he would try to get the most out of whatever instrument he dealt with, whether as performer or composer. I have no doubt at all that the good Herr Bach, faced with a modern nine-foot Steinway, would have written piano music to rattle the ridge pole, and would have played it for all it was worth.

Listening, recently, to an evening of Tureck-Steinway-Bach at Carnegie Hall, I had occasion to think on these matters once again, and to relate them to Miss Tureck's career. I fully agree with Miss Tureck's approach: if you're going to use a nine-foot piano, you may as well dig in and enjoy it. But this is a matter of controversy, and Miss Tureck has built a magnificent career on precisely this controversy, which, finally, has turned our attention away from her true genius. She is now what she was born to be and what a friend of mine remembers her as being when he shared a score-reading class with her at Juilliard: "a helluva fine pianist." At Carnegie Hall she made some passages of Bach sound like rumbling old Rachmaninoff; other passages danced along like Mendelssohn; at another point I swear she had Chopin's Tarantella in mind. I couldn't help wondering why, if she is so obviously interested in the sonorities of Rachmaninoff or the brilliance of Mendelssohn, she doesn't sim-

ply perform works by those composers. She can play the whole keyboard. Why not play the whole repertory?

When asked that question, Miss Tureck has been known to reply that she has of course performed the standard works but that she prefers Bach because she finds it easier to maintain her interest in his than in other composers' works during the long hours of preparation. This is an answer. There is also the possibility, whether or not Miss Tureck planned it this way, that one may build a career as An Authority championing a Cause in a great Controversy.

In any case a price has been paid. Not every music-lover can sit through an evening of piano-Bach. Miss Tureck fell far short of filling up Carnegie Hall—or, more precisely, Tureck-Steinway-Bach didn't fill the hall. By limiting her repertory she has limited her audiences. And music-lovers are paying a price, too. We should be hearing her splendid eloquence in all the works of the repertory. I'll bet she could dazzle the critics with a few Prokofiev sonatas. We are being deprived. A superb gift is not being allowed to ripen in all directions. Leaving Carnegie Hall, I felt sad. □

The GIMLET EYE

SOCCER, AMERICAN STYLE

D. KEITH MANO

Pires cila, harsanyi, strenicer neto trost?
Orhan tuksa veee.

Bacic segota guillord—liotart tozer—
nusum atuegbu zungul?

Ybarra nimmo. Inotay?

I apologize. My Volapük is a bit stilted, to *sprechen* the least. In loose translation, though, that hairy swodge of dialogue means:

"Can you tell me, landsman, do they play soccer here?"

"Not that anyone'd recognize it."

"But crowds are huge—full house—how is this accounted for?"

"American improvements. What else?"

As NR sports fans (all three of you, not counting yachtsmen) have already surmised, my Newspeak conversation was Ellis Island jabberwock. Each word is, in fact, a last name. Lifted from the



"Passionate"

—The New York Times

"Glorious"

—Variety

"Smashing"

—Women's Wear Daily

"DON CARLO," APRIL 12th on PBS.



**Texaco and the Metropolitan Opera invite you to enjoy
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game roster of just two Major Indoor Soccer League clubs (New York and Hartford). We have made soccer American: and, naturally, more commercial, better. If there were enough beer and popcorn in it, some American entrepreneur would turn pyorrhea into the next wide world of sport. Still, any MISL program read aloud will sound like a Balkan sandlot bomb-throwing team or the October 5, 1927 *Orient Express* passenger list.

Normal soccer—shall we be frank?—is a 120-yard by 75-yard fatigue party: rather than watch I'd go out to JFK and scan old luggage X-rays. You can understand why it wasn't European or South American men who invented the phonograph and the electric light—I mean, they haven't learned to use their *hands* yet. European soccer is a lesser primate sport: no prehensile thumb. Most of the inaction will occur at midfield: somewhat like rival ant colonies haggling over a worm carcass. One goal and it's big sleep time. Nonetheless, American businessmen bought the best armless ant people (Beckenbauer and Pele, for instance), then press-released soccer into an expensive success. It only took one full decade or thereabout. And still, for my taste, soccer's about as enthralling as a test of the emergency broadcast system.

Not so indoor soccer. After just two seasons the second worst MISL team (St. Louis, 8-13) is now drawing a preposterous 13,523 average attendance. Indoor had long been played Over There, but chiefly as off-season practice: Europeans thought the intermural game a crude perversion. It took Yankee caniness to realize that people *like* crude perversion. If a bull won regularly, bull-fighting would pack Madison Square Garden. (Imagine the blood appeal: for a more lucrative contract, matadors would have to *live* out their option year.) Only one MISL player in four can be foreign. (The exotic names above are mostly those of naturalized footmen. This is both cheaper and more fan-productive.) The North American (outdoor) Soccer League has reacted like a goalie trying to stop direct kicks from Big Bertha: in panic. Last year the NASL threw together its own indoor crude perversion. By contrast, NASL money people knew, outdoor had less enchantment than ground chuck with freezer burn on it.

Indoor soccer gives me a blood-doping fix: I get strung-out and wild. The field (most often a carpeted hockey rink) is about seventy yards long by thirty wide. Play doesn't sitzkrieg into boredom at midfield: how could it?—midfield is about 12 feet square. And no ball will ever roll out of bounds; bankshot dribbling makes the side wall a teammate: you can pass to yourself. There are five men and one goalie: all jostling around like leukocytes after a germ. Indoor is hockey, basketball, soccer, and (with that carom aspect) even pool. The goalie can start a floor-length fast break. Players weave, set picks, give and go, use backdoor strategy: on Astroturf, ball handling (footing) is more accurate. Or—to talk hockey—one forward will dump the ball in, dig it out, and swat a crossing pass. (Also: unlike outdoor-snore, those who foul spend two or five minutes in the sin bin: indoor has an exciting shorthanded power play factor.) MISL teams score more frequently than Casanova: 10-9, 14-10, 9-6 are typical. A goalie may face five dozen shots per night (the two-team record for one game is 160): death by lapidation might be more painful, but not less persistent. You could miss three points while assembling the nitwit prize in your cracker-jack box.

OUT ON Long Island every split-level and ranch house has a large game room attached: Nassau Coliseum they call it. For an MISL New York Arrow game the parking lot is taillight to grill-work with campers and station wagons. They sell cotton candy at Nassau Coliseum, need I tell you more? Were cotton candy sold at Madison Square Garden at a Ranger game, say, it'd be Schlitz-flavored and someone would stuff it up your empty overcoat sleeve for fun. MSG is the most comprehensive drunk tank in Manhattan: violence and profanity have a head on them: one urinal I saw there was hit less often than the Ranger goal mouth. Might as well expose your child on a mountaintop as bring him to MSG. But Nassau Coliseum and indoor soccer are family entertainment. The commuter father has found his sport.

Because indoor soccer is a TV game: and I don't say so merely because it televises well. It is apt, indeed, that the field has a picture-tube shape: that

Astroturf can suggest wall-to-wall living room ambience. We are in the blip-ball era: miniature electronic tennis, auto racing, football, whatever: with an inexpensive franchise that'll plug right into your own 19-inch screen. MISL soccer—its incredible, immediate acceptance—derives partly, I think, from the blip craze. Last month I saw a Mattel baseball game (to mention just one) that astonished me. With a single control disk I could manipulate nine fielders, six kinds of pitch: I could throw to any base, steal, pick off, bunt. And there it all was: right on a TV screen above my head. Similarities to indoor soccer intrigue: fast, scaled-down, high-scoring, full of wild combinations. We are used to instant replay and the videotape highlight. A breakthrough: American middle-class families no longer want to sit at home and watch (or play) TV. Now instead they'll drive a half-hour to do it. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

WALT DISNEY: *An American Original*, by Bob Thomas (Simon & Schuster, 379 pp., \$9.95). In 1968 *Time* movie reviewer Richard Schickel wrote a book called *The Disney Version: The Life, Times, Art, and Commerce of Walt Disney*. Note the use of the word "commerce": it means that Disney was influenced by the nasty profit motive. And inside his book Schickel turns up some really damning stuff. (For instance, the prominence of Tinker Bell's posterior becomes a sure sign of anal fixation on Disney's part.) So, just to start with, Bob Thomas's *Walt Disney: An American Original* has one considerable virtue: it was not written by Richard Schickel. Rather than attempting a point-by-point refutation of *The Disney Version* (which would have made a better title for his own book), Thomas has instead produced a more comprehensive and straightforward biography, which should in the natural course of things simply supplant the earlier book. Disney's genius for entertainment—demonstrable in that the best Disney projects were always the ones he was most closely involved with—even Thomas finds hard to define. We know that the working pattern Disney set when he and his younger sister touched up the family home in Marceline, Missouri with a tarbrush held throughout his life. He always worked in collaboration, with his elder brother Roy managing the business

side and with Ub Iwerks and, later, hundreds of other craftsmen working on the creative projects. He was from the start a technological innovator, pioneering in sound, technicolor, feature cartoons, color television programming, audi-animatronics, and nice amusement parks. He knew how to take advantage of the limitations of a situation: after World War II, when the company was edging near failure (as it often did until Disneyland's success), Disney used revenues frozen in Britain by British law to make *Treasure Island*, his first live-action feature, in that country. Perhaps his decisive virtue was a restlessness which, whatever the commercial value of repetition, always kept him on an innovative path, as if he were at heart always more inventor than entertainer or entrepreneur. The ugly side of Disney's life Thomas discusses only gingerly: in 1940, after a bitter strike at the studio, he started voting Republican; and in later years, he tried to require Disneyland's visitors to wear clothes. No one knows to what unsavory and reactionary extremes he might have gone had not death, on December 15, 1966, struck first.

WHIT STILLMAN

BRITAIN—A FUTURE THAT WORKS, by Bernard Nossiter (Houghton Mifflin, 275 pp., \$9.95). It is a scandal that a book so demonstrably wrong should have received so much favorable attention from reviewers. Nossiter's startling contention is that Britain has *not* become the new sick man of Europe; instead, by displaying a preference for the immaterial rewards of the unpressured life over the material rewards of the frenetic life, Britons have chosen to inaugurate the "post-industrial age." To support such peculiar argumentation Nossiter adduces equally eccentric opinions: the Labor Party really doesn't take socialism seriously; Communists are not particularly influential in the National Union of Mineworkers; the enemies of order are all on the Right. The reader of *NR* will recognize the syndrome. Fortunately, Nossiter's logic is as flawed as his judgment; lapses from consistency continually undercut his own conclusions. Moreover, he disregards the necessity of placing comparisons in their proper context. It is not important that the pace of Britain's economic growth since World War II has been, in an overview of British history, unexampled. It is crucially important that postwar Britain's pace has fallen behind that maintained by her contemporaries. To call such a lackluster performance a sign of "health" is to be perversely inattentive to the great economic arbiter in such matters—"the remorseless logic of compound interest."

REED BROWNING



Dark Horses

FROM THE beginning, the Western lands have symbolized America's future. Though our institutions were firmly planted on the Eastern seaboard, the pressures of population have pushed relentlessly toward the Pacific. As the population has shifted, so has the center of political gravity.

The thought is apposite to *A Changing America: Conservatives View the '80s from the U.S. Senate* (Regnery/Gateway, 120 S. LaSalle Ave., South Bend, Ind. 46601; \$2.95), edited by Senator Paul Laxalt and attorney Richard Williamson, with a foreword by Ronald Reagan. This is a practical legislative manifesto, featuring contributions from seven U.S. senators who range in outlook from staunchly to moderately conservative. It is important not only because of what it has to say, but because of who is saying it.

The authors provide a commonsensical view of numerous issues before the Congress: budget and taxation, labor reform, energy and the environment, health care and the family, foreign policy and defense. They make a convincing case that liberal interventionism has failed, that regulatory fervor is creating rather than solving problems, and that we have cut a figure of woeful weakness in national-security matters. They urge a series of conservative reforms.

Interestingly, six of the seven contributors are from the West. Senator Laxalt is from Nevada. His fellow authors include Senators Jake Garn and Orrin Hatch (both of Utah), Pete Domenici (New Mexico), James McClure (Idaho), and Malcolm Wallop (Wyoming). Governor Reagan, as you may have heard, is from California. Only Pennsylvania's Richard Schweiker is from the East.

The Western flavor of this volume is, I think, indicative. The Rocky Mountain and Pacific states have tended increasingly toward conservatism, presaging what would happen at a somewhat later date in other sectors of the country. The Western-state contributors are

ample proof of what this means in terms of popular elections, while Senator Schweiker's participation, along with other recent happenings in the East and Middle West, suggests the predictive value of such changes for the nation's politics in general.

That the recent movement of the electorate toward a limited-government conservatism is a reaffirmation of our origins rather than a radical departure from them is the lesson of *They Preached Liberty* (Liberty Press, 7440 North Shadeland, Indianapolis, Ind. 46250; \$5.95), edited by Franklin P. Cole. This is an anthology of statements by colonial pastors in the period of the American Revolution, reminding us that our War of Independence was strongly motivated by religious principle, as well as sharply libertarian in its implications.

While Cole's selections are from the New England divines of the late eighteenth century, who (for that day) were theologically liberal, the substance of the quotations makes it plain that the "black regiment" of clergy who preached resistance to arbitrary power did so according to traditional religious notions. Many of the statements could have been lifted wholesale from the *Vindiciae contra Tyrannos*, or from St. Thomas: a reminder that our libertarian institutions are grounded in religious teaching.

THE DEGREE to which the guarantees of the American system are applicable to business institutions is the subject of Professor Walter Berns's *Free Speech and the Corporation*, a monograph from the National Legal Center for the Public Interest (1101 17th St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036; free). In his usual trenchant fashion, Professor Berns dismantles the idea that corporations, because of their profit-seeking status, are less entitled to free speech than radical activists who use obscenity. On the way, he exposes the shaky premises that underlie all recent jurisprudence on this subject. —M. STANTON EVANS

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STATEMENT OF ACTOR JOHN MATTHEWS

The elder Wallack, the late E. L. Davenport and I walked into my room one day and found Booth lying upon my bed studying the part of Marc Anthony in *Julius Caesar*. By-the-by it was in the same room and upon the same bed upon which Mr. Lincoln died. (Actually from a newspaper interview quoted in Louis J. Wiechmann's *A True History of the Assassination of Abraham Lincoln and of the Conspiracy of 1865*.)

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The Victims of Indiscrimination

On The Right

New York, March 26—I go a step further and say that the political exploitation of the UN Security Council vote on Israel which has already humiliated the Administration, betraying its incompetence at a technical level, is beginning to humiliate the Jewish community in the United States. The spastic reaction of every politician seeking to be more royalist than the king suggests that Jewish voters are blind to the diplomatic requirements of a peaceful and secure future for the State of Israel. The whole of the week, it seems, was devoted to every candidate's denouncing Carter and Vance. It began with the suggestion that behind what Vance calls "the failure of communication" there lurked an "anti-Israel" bias. Mayor Koch, who is a good sort, picked up the subject where he left off when, in 1977, while running for mayor, he embarrassed a lot of people by greeting the visiting President at the airport with a document that looked like a subpoena—criticizing the Carter Administration (correctly, as it happens) for inviting co-Soviet sponsorship of the abortive Geneva peace talks.

THIS TIME around Koch said flatly before television that the State Department was "anti-Israel." Koch is a very intelligent and honorable man, and there is weeping and gnashing of teeth among his admirers when he yields to the allurements of demagoguery. To say that the State Department is "against" Israel because it also recognizes that there are Arabs in the Near East is on the order of saying that Koch is "against" blacks because he believes that blacks also should obey the law; or that Carter is "against" cities because he believes that if the budget needs to be trimmed that means that there will necessarily be less money for the cities.

One wonders whether Teddy Kollek, one of the most devoted and certainly one of the most magnetic patriots in Israel, would succeed—to judge from the way Koch and Kennedy and the Jewish Defense League types are carrying on—in winning the Jewish vote if he were running for mayor of New York City. You see, Mayor Kollek of Jerusalem has bitterly denounced the Begin government for its arbitrary take-over of a one-thou-

sand-acre plot of land owned by Arabs situated on the outer reaches of east Jerusalem. Mayor Kollek insists that the Israelis have no de jure rights to the property, and despairs at the ineptitude of a government that chooses this moment to inflame the Arab community and dampen the peaceable assertiveness of President Sadat.

It was Robert Strauss, the Jewish manager of President Carter's campaign, who finally could not stand it any more, and walked out of a meeting of Jewish militants in protest against a few fanatical hecklers. That same day Secretary Vance patiently explained to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee that the United States Government, notwithstanding an error that he insisted, perhaps disingenuously, was clerical, was not in favor of the partition of Jerusalem or the disbanding of settlements that antedated the Camp David covenant.

Senator Javits demanded angrily why Vance and Carter had not denounced the entire resolution. To which Vance replied with that calm which is his greatest strength that the United States is not opposed to the entire resolution. There really is no reason for the United States to feel any need to take a position on the side of Begin that aligns the United States against a) the Camp David accord signed by Begin; b) UN Resolution 242 of 1967, endorsed by the government of Golda Meir; and c) the policies of the opposition in the

Knesset, including that of the Israeli general who won the 1967 war that resulted in the occupation of the West Bank.

The compulsion to refuse to pause over the distinctions of the UN Israeli policy appears to be universal among candidates. The tragedy of course is that the potential victim of this failure to think strategically is the State of Israel. It is not one of the Ten Commandments that every move by any government of Israel should be backed by any American free of racial prejudice. It is ironic that Jack Javits and Ed Koch and Ted Kennedy do not have, in the United States, the same freedom of speech exercised by the members of the Knesset who regularly criticize government policies and are returned to office by Israeli voters. □

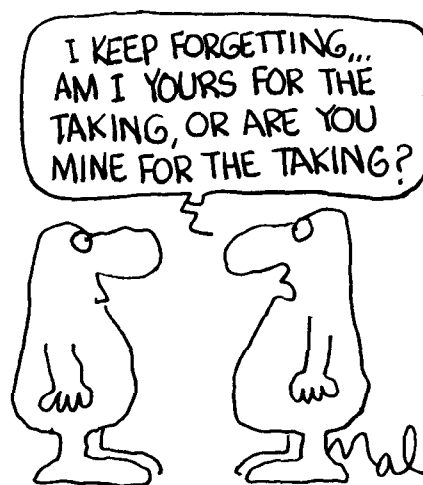
THE LEFT DISCOVERS REAGAN

New York, March 21 —"When I sat down for the last of these sessions interviewing you, you joked that 'we can't go on meeting like this,' and in fact it *has* been relaxed. It seems to me that you're a lot more reasonable, humanistic, than your press makes you appear. Or have you been locked into a role that people think you're the Neanderthal Republican . . . this hard-liner . . . I think you've been unfairly criticized in a lot of ways."

Holy Kalamazoo! These words would not have surprised one more if they had concluded an interview of Andy Young by William Safire; or the Shah of Iran by the Ayatollah. What happened?

The *Los Angeles Times* has been running a series of interviews of the Republican presidential candidates conducted by one Robert Scheer. Robert Scheer seeks to be the Oriana Fallaci of American journalism, and he is highly qualified. He can catapult an exchange into the shouting stage quicker than anybody since Huey Long. A month ago his published exchange with George Bush brought the imperturbable Bush close to a hanging-up-the-phone pitch of fury.

Scheer was a young activist during the Vietnam years who was the hero of the Left in the San Francisco area where he ran for Congress on a peace ticket in 1966



as the candidate of radical chic. He has denounced a generation of Americans from his pulpit on the self-righteous Left where he makes room only for a few soul-mates of exquisite sensibility such as William Sloane Coffin and Jane Fonda. We met ten years ago at a television studio, and I asked, "How's peace?" To which he replied with some wit, "How's war?" Anyway, he is a talented polemicist, and when he started in on Ronald Reagan it was widely supposed there would be nothing much left of poor Ron.

Scheer began by asking Reagan just what he meant when he talked about the government getting in the way between parents and children, to which Reagan gave as an example a judge recently appointed by Carter who believes that dissenting children should have free legal aid to quarrel with their parents, and that children should get free advice on contraceptives without the acquiescence of their parents. Well, said Scheer, sensing an opening, "Isn't this one way to avoid the need for abortions, which you oppose?" Reagan's reply: "But isn't this also government sticking its nose in the family?"

Scheer hung in there, and pitched for free contraceptives, on the grounds (although Scheer of course doesn't object to abortion) that that means fewer abortions. Reagan's answer caused a stillness in the universe: "What ever happened to just saying 'no'?"

The subject turned to civil rights. Hadn't Reagan opposed the Civil Rights Act of 1964? Yes, said Reagan, because he thought certain provisions of the Act exercised unwarranted federal supervision over the freedom of individuals. —Well, would he want to repeal the act? Certainly not, said Reagan, because it has become institutionalized and has done a great deal of good. And by the way, Reagan went on, "I will weigh my stand on bigotry and prejudice against that of the most ardent civil-rights advocate because I was doing it when there was no civil-rights side. I, on the air as a sports announcer years and years ago, was editorializing against the gentlemen's agreement that kept blacks from playing organized baseball. I dealt with it in my personal life. I played on a college football team alongside a black, who is today my best friend, when this was not commonplace."

The *tour d'horizon* covered the minimum wage (economically irrelevant, said Reagan, when there is full employment; the class instrument of the labor unions when there is less than full employment); the treatment of homosexuals (they should have every civil right, but not the moral right to declare homosexuality an acceptable, let alone normative, lifestyle). Could we survive an atomic war? (The Russians proceed on the assumption *they* could; we

couldn't, given the present state of our defenses.) Didn't Reagan once refer to the Chinese Communists as "monsters"? (Yes, because killing tens of millions of people in behalf of a social experiment is "monstrous," but that doesn't mean we mustn't make every effort to exploit the Chinese geopolitical potential.) Robert Scheer isn't going to vote for Reagan, not so long as there's somebody around running on a Trotskyist ticket, but the interview made it plain that Reagan's views are communicable. □

HERE WE GO AGAIN

New York, March 17—President Carter's economic package has the appearance of a pointillist painting on which every living artist was invited to supply one dot. It is a compendium more political than economic. To the extent that it works it will aggravate the general economic problem and cause petty social annoyance. To the extent it doesn't work (the guidelines), it will have the disillusioning effect of treating an illness with a placebo. Suddenly you look down and find your left leg missing.

The Republican candidates, with the exception of John Anderson, who every day becomes a more convincing candidate for the Democratic nomination, are pretty generally committed, with to be sure differences in emphasis, to what is known as supply-side economics.

When you have inflation, you need to do one of two things, or both. Either you increase productivity, or you reduce the money supply. The latter is effected either by removing money from the marketplace by taxation (the fiscal approach), or by removing it from general circulation by simply instructing the printing presses and the banks to slow down, and stop, issuing credit (the monetarist approach).

The supply-side people argue that although the federal money-makers must be slowed down, strategic results are best secured by increasing the number of goods. The average worker, let us say, spending forty hours per week on the assembly line, produces goods that permit his employer to pay him \$10,000 per year. The objective is to increase production without increasing the cost of production. One way to increase production is to retool, with advanced equipment, the worker's shop. This requires the investment of capital from savings. A second way is to increase the worker's incentive. This requires paying him more (but that is an increase in cost), or letting him keep more of what he makes. There are two ways of doing the latter. One is to take less from him in taxes; the other is to permit his employer to pay him more by reducing the employer's governmental costs.

It is a central axiom of the supply-side people that it is easier to get people to produce more than it is to persuade them to do with less. President Carter finds himself generally on the second of these two positions. There are psychological reasons why this is so. Government is all about the exercise of power. As a term of extreme scorn, a generation ago people who desired a caricature for government hyperactivity would refer to "shower-adjusters," i.e., the Big Daddy whose appetite to regulate the life of the people extends to telling them what is the temperature of the water that suits them best. Nowadays we are shower-adjusting all over the place, including specifying the heat and cold of public places. Carter's package is best symbolized by its call for doubling the staff of the people who monitor what other people get paid in contracting privately with yet other people to do a job.

Ronald Reagan has come out for an across-the-board decrease of 30 per cent in taxation. General proposals of such a nature have a great appeal. In economics, unlike, say, Baroque cathedrals, simplicity is good. The inevitable question is: But if you grant that diminishing the tax by 30 per cent will free up a lot of capital for investment and will invigorate the working population to higher endeavor, how meanwhile will you handle the resulting deficit pending increased receipts from a higher national, and taxable, product?

REAGAN'S answer to that would certainly be, in part, a reduction in the level of federal activity. But if you were to cut by one-third the current revenues from income taxation, you would be faced with a reduction of \$72 billion. To cut the budget by that sum, in one year, would be difficult. How might one raise the balance?

Enter, surely, the gasoline tax. Such a tax is advisable intrinsically, given the dangerous volume of dollars going abroad. But the impulse to proceed with lighter cars and more efficient engines is insufficiently stressed with the current price of gasoline. John Anderson is on this single point correct: we need to lessen our dependence on foreign oil, and the only way to do this is to diminish consumption. The only way to diminish consumption is to diminish the ergs and energy required to transport individuals from location A to location B: smaller, lighter, more efficient automobiles. Combine this with a crash program based on nuclear fuel, and the discovery of fresh deposits, and you have what is needed a) to increase production and b) to meet the deficit until the GNP increases. You have, as *lagniappe*, a smaller bureaucracy, and that is good all by itself. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Town near Gander, Newfoundland

150 69 167 173 185

B. The complete stock of works in a particular artistic field

157 21 70 80 169 36 95 51 186 190

C. A short appoggiatura

164 56 96 170 6 136 145 18 72 194
67 91

D. The carefree time of youth

31 53 8 155 165 176 122 128 57 159
12

E. The seat of Brown County, S.D.

47 143 82 154 163 174 182 138

F. A large non-Catholic denomination

75 112 99 102 118 29 35 142 84

G. Makes silent

111 130 58 64 161 43 71

H. Mischances

123 171 152 16 24 37 120 101 179

I. Pertaining to the floating of bodies that are heavier than air

7 14 4 9 22 41 62 88 113 25

J. The two longest words that can be found on one row of a certain machine keyboard

10 100 188 5 104 115 121 160 168 183
65 126 146 85 132 11 156 30 45
50

K. Directly intuited

61 184 48 55 79 97 172 40 114

L. Not capable

141 83 98 46 26 103 139 78 192 181
187

M. Filled with pus caused by bacteria

166 158 195 175 180 39 59 131 134

N. What innovative styles for women were called after World War II

28 162 124 20 105 3 116

O. Nickname for Mrs. Warren G. Harding

13 33 52 68 74 77 94

P. According to this, Shakespeare didn't write Hamlet

54 1 81 86 117 148 153 34 42 73
32 76 106 140

Q. Vaulted

66 177 19 125 119 135 93

R. Somewhat cowardly

90 60 107 127 193 129 63 44 109

S. A city in France; anagram of one in Italy

23 189 87 178 110 149 15

T. Nidificated

92 137 151 89 144 38

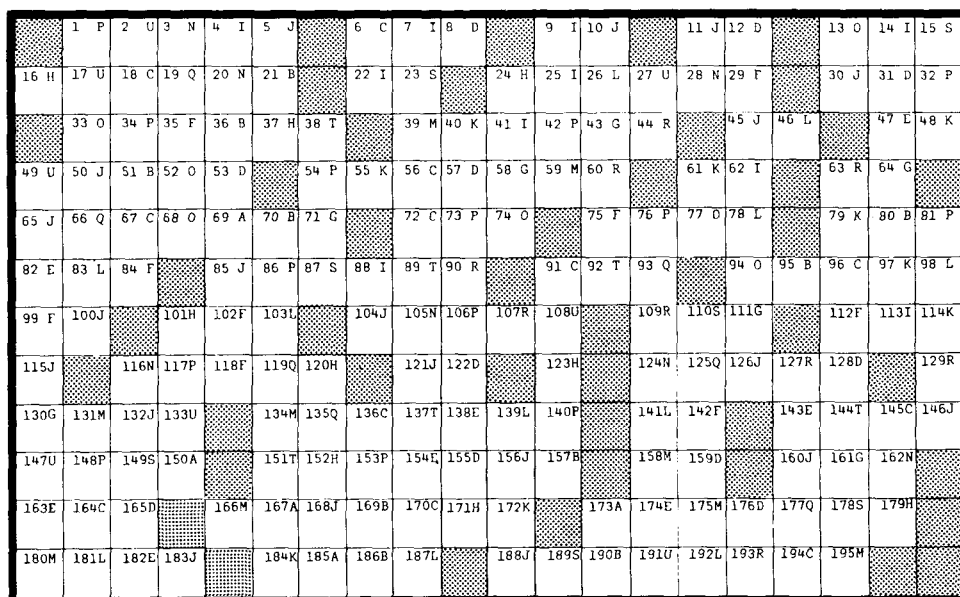
U. The tenth month of the early Roman year

108 27 191 49 147 2 133 17

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the end of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution.

See page 490 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.



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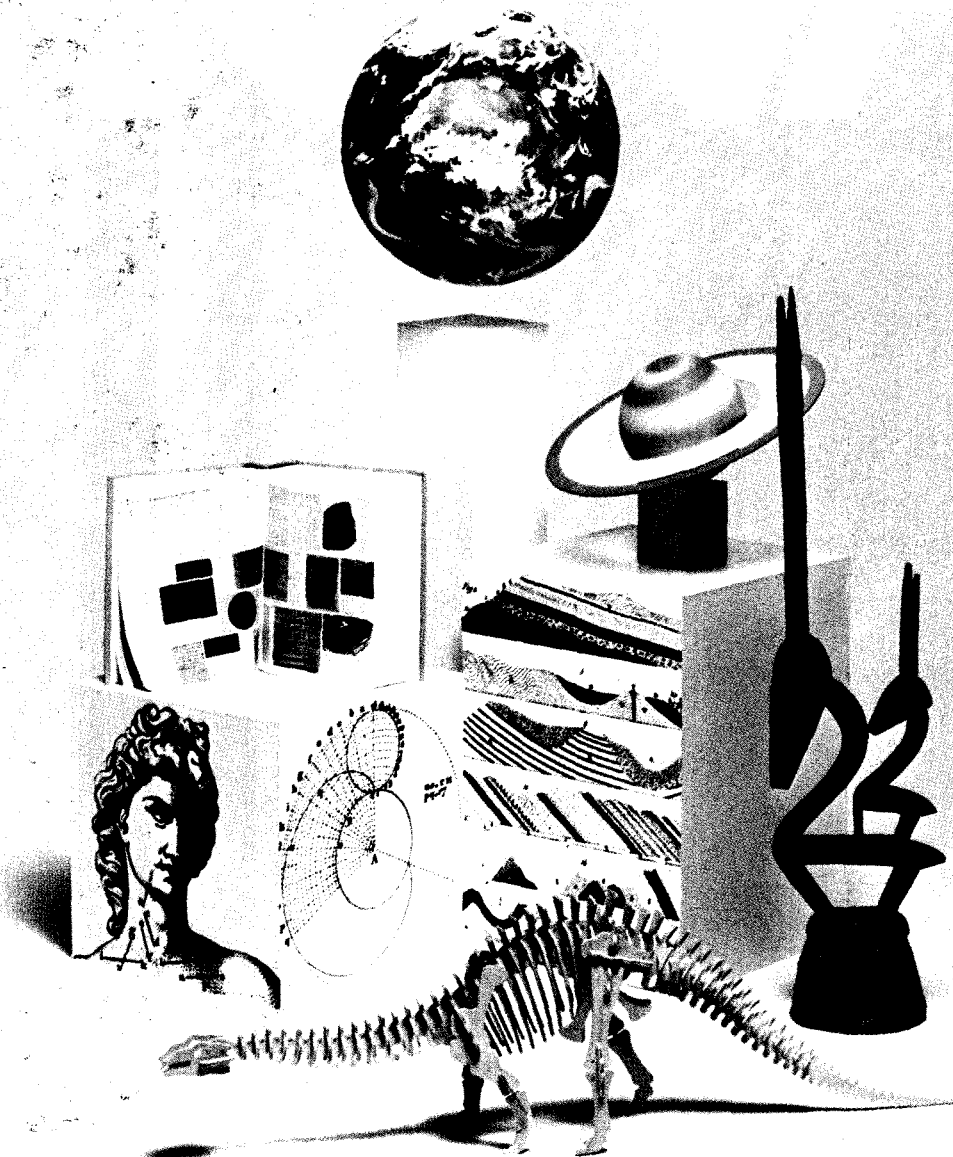
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